



T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
CHRISTOPHER CRAB, Esq;

B O O K THE FIRST.

C H A P. I.

The Neighbours visit Mr. Crab's Family — Character of Mr. Heartwell, and a Conference between Trundle and Mr. Christopher.

SOON after the Crab-Family arrived at the Rock, in North Wales, they were visited by their Friends and Neighbours round about, to welcome them into the Country. Many of these came out of Friendship, but more out of Curiosity to see the young 'Squire, as they called him, of whom they had heard so great a Character.

Mr.

Mr. *Christopher Crab* presently perceived, from the Complexion and Manners of the People, that he was like to pass his Time very unpleasantly, unless he could single out some two or three, whose Sense and Breeding might be better suited to his Taste than the Generality of them seemed to be.

He saw too, with Concern, that though his Father had left off Trade, he had not quitted his old Companions of the Club: And what was still more, mortifying, he frequently had some of those low People at his House.

He had no Way to avoid mixing with this Sort of Company, which was equally disagreeable to the Captain as to himself, but by stipulating with his Father to have a certain Part of the House allotted to him, that he might call his own, and retire to whenever he thought proper.

The old Gentleman, or rather old Mr. *Crab*, for according to the Proverb, *The King can make Lords, but he cannot make Gentlemen*; I say, Mr. *Crab* very readily granted his Son's Request, because he knew that his Guests would be glad to get rid of a Person's Company, whose Presence was a Restraint upon their coarse Behaviour.

Amongst the Visitors at Mr. *Crab's* were Sir *John* and Lady *Bangham*, and Mr. *Heartwell*, the Clergyman, who has been spoken of before, as the Minister of the Parish where Sir *John* lived,

lived, though his Name was not then mentioned, nor his Character described further than as a Sportsman; but Mr. *Heartwell* was not a mere Sportsman, he was a very rational Man: He used the Field-Exercises only as he thought them conducive to Health—He did not study Hunting as a Science, nor valued himself on his Adroitness in Shooting flying—He was respected by his Parishioners for his exemplary Life, and beloved by them for his kind Offices and singular Humility—He was learned without Ostentation—In his Sermons he avoided those nice Subtleties and Distinctions, which only shew the Ingenuity of the Preacher, without informing the Hearer; but he read Prayers with such Grace and Solemnity, as was sufficient to animate the coldest Heart in the Cause of Religion. He was indeed an Ornament to his Cloth, and any Man, but such a Brute as Sir *John Bangham*, would have thought himself happy in having him for a Neighbour.

The Captain had long known Mr. *Heartwell*; and he did not fail to recommend him to the Acquaintance of Mr. *Christopher*, between whom a similarity of Opinions, and the same Cast of thinking, laid the Foundation for an Intimacy and Friendship, which, in Spite of all cross Accidents and the slippery Tricks of Dame Fortune, continued to the last Hour of their Lives.

The first good Consequence resulting from this Union, was the bringing about a Reconciliation

liation between Sir *John Bangham* and Mr. *Heartwell*, which was accomplished by the Interposition of the Captain and young Mr. *Crab*; not that Mr. *Heartwell* expected any particular Civilities from Sir *John*, but it was something to be freed from the Insults and Oppressions which every Man must experience, who lives at Variance with, and in the Precincts of, an opulent Tyrant.

Master *Trundle* likewise took the first Opportunity to pay his Respects to the young 'Squire. He had heard that Mr. *Christopher* studied Physick whilst he was at the University, and he thought that it might be for his Interest to be upon good Terms with him, tho' he did not suppose his Skill in Medicine was comparable to his own. And if he had been told that Mr. *Christopher*, (which was the Case) made a Connection with an eminent Apothecary at *Oxford*, and visited his Patients in order to come at that Knowledge which cannot be acquired but by a diligent Attendance upon the Sick; I say, if our Hibernian Poison-Pounder had known this, he would not have thought the better of young Mr. *Crab's* Judgment; for to say the Truth, when *Trundle* reflected on his past and present Success in the Practice of Physic, he found no great Reason to imagine (notwithstanding the Proverb) That Men grow wiser by Experience. Yet in Justice to his Character, it must be said, that he certainly did the best he could, both for his Patients and himself; but he had an unaccountable

countable Twist in his Understanding, which turned his Ideas upside down; so that he generally bled when he should have blistered, and blistered when he should have bled, &c.

However *Trundle*, with all his Imperfections on his Head, which was covered with his best white Horse-hair Bob, introduced himself to Mr. *Christopher Crab*: And as he was not conscious of any natural Defect, either of Body or Mind, he put on an aukward Air of Importance, which made the Meanness of his Person appear still more ridiculous. When the first Salutation was over, he sat down, and after looking on the Floor, and rubbing it with the dirty End of his Cane, for the Space of a Minute, he began with saying, I understand, Sir, you have studied Physic, and are come down to settle amongst us. If it be so, I shall be glad to do you all the Service in my Power (looking consequentially) for your Father's Sake—He's as good and as sweet-tempered a Man as ever trode on Shoe of Leather—It does one's Heart good to see him swallow a Bolus or a Purge; he never makes a wry Face; and when I give him a Puke, I'm obliged to make it stronger than ordinary, because his Stomach is not easily turned. That shews, says Mr. *Christopher*, that my Father's not very nice. Not he, says *Trundle*, and I like him the better for it. Indeed I had an Accident with him once; but, poor Gentleman, it was not his Fault. What might that be, says Mr. *Christopher*?

Christopher ? Why, Sir, says *Trundle*, you must know that last Summer, your Father eat too much Gooseberry Fool one Day, which gave him the Cholic ; so I was sent for, and I immediately administered a Turpentine Glyster, but, unluckily, just as it was going up, as smooth, to my thinking, as the launching of a Ship, a damned rumbling of Wind took him, and forced it all back full in my Face, and all over my Pompadour Coat, which was new but the *Sunday* before. This was a very unfortunate Affair, says Mr. *Christopher*, (stifling a Laugh) but you know, Mr. *Trundle*, there's no fending against Wind and Water : The Hurricanes of the East and West *Indies* no Mortal can foresee ; nor can any one say to the Waters, *hitherto shall ye go and no further*. But I hope your Disaster may be compared to the Inundation of the River Nile, which, by leaving its Soil behind it, makes amends to the Country for its annual Overflow. Sir, says *Trundle*, (staring) I don't rightly understand you. I only mean, says Mr. *Christopher*, that I hope my Father made you a Present of a new Suit of Cloaths. No, Sir, says *Trundle*, I was not so unreasonable to expect it ; I look upon Accidents as I do upon Jokes, where there is no Harm intended, I never take any Thing amiss. This is the very Coat that I have on ; you see how it's stained all the Way down. But I have overstaid my Time (looking at his Watch) I have so much Business, that

that I have not a Moment to myself—Good Morning to you, Sir.

Trundle hurried away, and left Mr. *Cbristopher* at full Leisure to contemplate on so excentric a Character.

C H A P. II.

A short Chapter containing a Trial of Skill between Trundle and Mr. Crab, in which the latter lost his Life.

IT is a very just Remark, that few People who have been bred to Business, or more properly speaking, Trade, can fill up their Time agreeably when they quit it. Those who are brought up to the learned Professions, such as the Law, Physic, &c. will indeed have a better Prospect of Happiness when they retire from Business; because the Education necessary to fit them for their Employments, will always stick by them. They will probably have some Taste for the fine Arts. Reading and other speculative Amusements, will make those solitary Hours pass pleasantly on, which the ignorant and illiterate find so much Difficulty in getting rid of.

Mr. *Crab* was a downright Tradesman, with an uncultivated Mind. He had not acquired a single Idea beyond those of buying and selling the different Articles he had formerly dealt in : And after he left off trade, he was too old for Improvement, and too inactive for country Diversions.

ons. There were but two Kinds of innocent Amusements (if they may be called so) that he was capable of enjoying; Cards and Backgammon. A Book was his Aversion, and a Bottle his Delight, in Pursuit of which, there were idle People enough, with Sir *John Bangham* at their Head, always ready to join him. This Sort of tippling Life gradually increased upon him, to a Degree that visibly affected his Health, and at length produced a Disease, which *Trundle*, who was one of his Companions, as well as his Doctor, never once dreamt of. But Mr. *Christopher* foresaw both the Disorder and the Danger; and he frequently expressed his Concern to the Captain, that his Father would not alter his Way of living and change his Physician.

His Appetite and Digestion began to decline: His Eyes grew yellow, his Skin muddy, and all the Symptoms of a diseased Liver were apparent enough to every one that saw him, except *Trundle*, who treated it as a common Jaundice. Mr. *Christopher* endeavour'd to persuade his Father to go to *Bath*, as much to get him out of *Trundle's* Hands as to drink the Waters. And if *Trundle* had known how desperate his Case was, he would undoubtedly, like his Brethren of the Faculty, have willingly parted with him that he might not die under his Care. But *Trundle* was none of those who have a Reputation to lose; and to get one, he must do something like a Miracle: So that he never gave his Patients over till they had
given

given up the Ghost. For this Reason, and another as cogent, the Interest he had in attending him, he would not consent to Mr. *Crab's* going to *Bath*. His Determination in this Particular having prevailed, he went to work with the old Man as hard as he could drive ; and in about six Months he had pretty well cleared his Shop of all his stale Drugs and sophisticated Compounds ; when Death, in the Shape of a Dropsy, put a Period to the Patient's sufferings, and *Trundle's* further Attendance.

C H A P. III.

Another short but interesting Chapter, with another accidental Death.

THE Death of Mr. *Crab* had been too long expected to occasion any Shock or Surprise to the Family. But Mr. *Christopher* could not help reproaching himself for having suffered so ignorant a Man as *Trundle* to direct and manage his Father in his last Illness. Why did not I, says he, (talking with the Captain and Mr. *Heartwell*) why did not I, at the Beginning of his Complaint, and whilst his Disease was curable, call our Relations and Friends together, and make it our joint Request, that he would take proper Care of his Health ! this prudent Caution might possibly have saved his Life. It is possible, says the Captain, that your Intreaties might have prevailed on Mr. *Crab* to change his Way of living.

ing. But I'm persuaded his Opinion of *Trundle* was unalterable, for he looked on him as the great *Hippocrates* of *North Wales*. Besides, amongst Friends, your Father, since he left off Business, has been like a Fish out of Water, with this Difference, that the poor Fish expires for Want of Liquor, and he killed himself by the Excess of it. I am not so blind, Sir, says Mr. *Christopher*, to the Failings of my Father, as to deny the Truth of your Observation, but I cannot divest myself of the Feelings of a Son, and I hope you will not blame me, Gentlemen, if I do, like the Ancients, make one Sacrifice to the Manes of a departed Parent. Surely, says Mr. *Heartwell*, (very gravely) my good Friend does not mean to revenge himself upon the insignificant Wretch, who, to say the worst of him, has been only guilty of an Error in Judgment! such a Sacrifice would not be thought acceptable to the Deity, even in the most prophane Times. Be not alarmed, my dear *Heartwell*, says Mr. *Crab*, (smiling) if any Blood was to be spilt in the Sacrifices I am about to make, I should not have shocked your Humanity by consulting you on it; for you are certainly the last Man in the World I should have fixed upon to perform the Office of High Priest. But to be serious; I suppose there is not a Man of common Sense here upon the Spot, who is not ready to declare, that the fatal Effects of this blundering Apothecary's Practice has been felt for five or six Miles round us.

We

We are all Witness of it ; and by the Rule of Arithmetic we know, that in a very few Years, if he is not prevented, he will depopulate the whole Country—If I were disposed to joke upon so melancholly an Occasion, I should say that he is a more dangerous Animal than the Dragon of *Wantley* : for no Body avoids him as a Monster, and the People are therefore more liable to fall into his Clutches.

To stop this growing Evil, I have a Remedy to propose, which is this. There is a young Man who served his Time with my Friend *Sage*, the Apothecary at *Oxford*, and is now attending *St. George's* Hospital, I know him to be sober, vigilant, and sensible ; and, if you approve it, I will invite him down to follow his Business here : But I would make it a preliminary Article that he have his Medicines from Apothecary's Hall ; for it is a Doubt to me, whether the Badness of *Trundle's* Drugs, or the egregious Misapplication of them, have done the most Mischief. If my Scheme should take Place, I am aware that *Trundle* will suffer for it ; but surely it is better that one Man starve, than that Numbers of his fellow Creatures should die to support him. This is the Sacrifice I hinted at. What do you think of it, Gentlemen ?

The Captain and Mr. *Heartwell* were greatly pleased with Mr. *Crab's* Plan—The young Gentleman from *St. George's* (whose Name was *Brooklime*) very readily accepted the Offer, and
went

went into the Country. And it so happened, that just before his Arrival at the *Rock House*, *Trundle* had, by mistake, swallowed a certain Quantity of the *white Precipitate of Mercury*, instead of the *Milk of Sulphur*, for the Piles, which carried him off in a few Hours, and left the Coast clear for Mr. *Brooklime*.

As soon as the Captain heard that *Trundle* was dead, he said, Well, I think *Trundle* has behav'd like a Man of Honour at last ; for he has given the Friends of all his departed Patients full Satisfaction by poisoning himself.

This Conceit of the Captain's ran in Mr. *Heartwell's* Head, and produced the following Epigram.

On the Death of JOHN TRUNDLE, Apothecary.

I.

Ye spendthrift Sons, ye ill-match'd Wives,
Who lead alas ! such wretched Lives,
This fatal Loss deplore.
Your Fathers and your Husbands now,
May live whilst Nature will allow,
For *Trundle* is no more.

II.

No more the midnight Mortar tolls
The dreadful Knell to fleeting Souls,
And summons as before.
Secure from noxious Draughts and Pills,
Men hasten not to make their Wills,
For *Trundle* is no more.

C H A P. IV.

Mrs. Crab reconcil'd to her Widowhood—An extraordinary anonymous Letter to Mr. Heartwell—Mr. Crab's Anxiety to know the Author—The Captain is put in Mind of a short Story.

MR S. *Crab* bore the Loss of her Husband with great Fortitude of Mind. She was not inconsolable, like the Lady of *Ephesus*—Nor did she, in Imitation of *Arria* the Wife of *Pætus*, offer to shew Mr. *Crab* the Way to the other World when he was sentenced to Death by *Trundle*—She affected not the hypocritical Sorrow of the former, nor the enthusiastic Fondness of the latter—In short, she behaved as most Widows do, who find themselves more at Liberty than they were before, and she observ'd so strict a Neutrality between Joy and Grief, that no Person would have suspected her Husband was but lately dead, if she had not appeared in Weeds.

Mr. *Crab*, after his Father's Death, made Improvements in the House; particularly in the Room he most used, which was the Library; he threw out a Bow-Window that looked upon a spacious and beautiful Lawn, intersected by a Canal of running Water, supplied by a Spring at the Top of a monstrous high Rock in the Neighbourhood, from which the House took its Name.

In

In this delightful Apartment, the Triumvirate, namely Mr. *Crab*, the Captain, and Mr. *Heartwell*, passed many happy Hours in friendly Conversation, unrestrained by the Hand of Power, and unpolluted by clashing Interest, that Bane to Benevolence and good Fellowship.

It was at one of these amicable Meetings that Mr. *Crab* was moralizing on the Miseries of Mankind, and endeavouring to prove that the Evils of our own creating are infinitely more intolerable to the human Mind, than those real Misfortunes, which it is not in our Power to prevent: And he concluded with thanking God that at present he had no Acquaintance with any such Self-Tormentors. No? says Mr. *Heartwell*, I'm afraid you have. Indeed the Person I mean, you may not own as an Acquaintance, but you must acknowledge him as a Relation. What think you of your Uncle Sir *John Bangham*?

I look upon him, says Mr. *Crab*, as an Animal that has not Sense enough to suffer from Reflection, and only feels when he undergoes actual bodily Pain; he cannot therefore come under my Description.

I beg Pardon, says Mr. *Heartwell*, he has certainly that Sensibility, in common with the Beasts of the Field, to be uneasy when he is crossed in the Gratification of the sensual Passions: And in this Predicament is he at this very Moment. To say Sir *John* is in Love, would be a Scandal and Disgrace to that tender Passion; but that he is violently smitten with a Person, from whom he ought

ought not to expect any Return, is a melancholy Truth.

If you were a Joker, Friend *Heartwell*, says the Captain, I should suppose this same Person to be his Wife; for, in my Opinion, Sir *John's* Behaviour does not intitle him to Lady *Bangham's* Affection.

That is too True, says Mr. *Heartwell*, but Lady *Bangham* was not the Object I aimed at.

Pray, says Mr. *Crab*, if it is not a Secret, who may this Female be, that has attracted the Notice of my hopeful Uncle? Why, says Mr. *Heartwell*, it may appear a little extraordinary, after what I have said, that I should neither know her Name nor her Person; but this Letter, which was left at my House this Morning, will sufficiently explain it.

Mr. *Crab* took the Letter, and read,

‘ Sir,

‘ If Fame has reported your Character truly,
 ‘ you must be a Friend to the Widow and to the
 ‘ Fatherless—I am just going to put that to the
 ‘ Test—You can not be interested in serving me,
 ‘ who am an intire Stranger to you—The Cause
 ‘ of Virtue may engage your Attention to assist
 ‘ Innocence in Distress—’Tis the most grateful
 ‘ Office a worthy Man can be employed in. I
 ‘ will not Preface my Story any further. I have
 ‘ an only Daughter, who has had the Education
 ‘ of a Gentlewoman, tho’ she has not the Fortune
 ‘ —From her Childhood she was brought up in
 ‘ the

‘ the Principles of Religion and Morality : And
 ‘ as this was almost the only Legacy her Father
 ‘ had to leave her, it would be the more cruel to
 ‘ deprive her of her whole Patrimony. The
 ‘ Man who has wickedly attempted to dishonour
 ‘ my Child, is Sir *Jobn Bangham*—He is your
 ‘ Neighbour and Parishioner, and it is therefore
 ‘ that I presume to trouble you on this Occasion,
 ‘ hoping you may think it your Duty to interfere
 ‘ in an Affair of so much Importance to two ob-
 ‘ scure Individuals. It was a Storm of Rain in
 ‘ the hunting Season, that first drove him (unhap-
 ‘ pily for us) to our lonely Habitation for Shelter.
 ‘ We received him with the utmost Civility,
 ‘ which he returned by taking indecent Liberties
 ‘ with my Daughter ; infomuch that it was with
 ‘ great Difficulty and Struggling that she escaped
 ‘ from him. When she quitted the Room, I re-
 ‘ monstrated against such brutish Behaviour,
 ‘ which he either did not or would not under-
 ‘ stand : On the contrary, he had the Assurance
 ‘ to try whether a Bribe would not reconcile me
 ‘ to my Daughter’s Ruin. An Attempt of this
 ‘ Kind was sufficient to rouse a Resentment that
 ‘ might have proved fatal to us ; but recollecting
 ‘ at the very Instant that we were but three weak
 ‘ Women in the House, and that a sharp Rebuke
 ‘ might provoke him to use the Means which
 ‘ God and Nature had given him, I refused his
 ‘ Offer without shewing my Detestation of it,
 ‘ and he departed, growling like a hungry Wolf
 ‘ that has been disappointed of his Prey.

‘ The

‘ The next Day but one he made us another
 ‘ Visit—We saw him at some little Distance,
 ‘ and we immediately made all fast to prevent his
 ‘ Entrance into the House. When he came to
 ‘ the Door, I asked whom he wanted, and he said,
 ‘ the young Woman that I saw here two Days
 ‘ ago. I told him she was not at Home, and that
 ‘ he could not be let in. He answered that it was
 ‘ a Lie, and asked me if I knew that he was Sir
 ‘ *John Bangham* ? I answered that I did not know
 ‘ it ; but if he was a Gentleman, he must be sen-
 ‘ sible that he had no Right to intrude himself
 ‘ upon those who did not desire his Company.
 ‘ Very well, says he, (going) the next Time I
 ‘ come, I’ll bring People enough along with me
 ‘ to pull down the House, that’s all.

‘ In this dreadful Situation, Sir, expecting
 ‘ every Night to have my House tumbling in upon
 ‘ me, unless I will submit to what is worse than
 ‘ Death, the Prostitution of my only Child, I
 ‘ most humbly supplicate your Assistance and Pro-
 ‘ tection.

‘ The Bearer of this will call at your House
 ‘ To-morrow, to know whether you will permit
 ‘ me to wait upon you ; and untill I have your
 ‘ Answer in that Respect, I hope you will forgive
 ‘ me, if I remain your unknown humble Ser-
 ‘ vant. ”

When Mr. *Crab* had finished the Letter, he
 laid his Arms a cross, stretched out his Legs, and
 fixed his Eyes upon the Ground, for the Space
 of a Minute ; at last he broke out (rather speaking

to himself than to the Company) it cannot be, sure—And yet it is not very improbable—The Circumstances agree—But then she would have applied to me instead of *Heartwell*—No, her Delicacy forbids that—I don't know what to think of it—

What the Plague are you musing about, *Kit*? says the Captain. Nothing, says Mr. *Crab*. Nay, for that Matter, says the Captain, this Letter is a proper Subject enough for Cogitation. For my Part, I think the old Fools of this Age are worse than the young ones were in my Time. I remember *Jack Dangle* of our Regiment was one of the greatest Rakes in the Kingdom—He had a Flirtation in every Town he came to, but no Harm ever happened from it.

Jack would chatter like a Magpie, and steal Ladies Gloves and Fans, but it was only to have an Opportunity of a second Interview when he returned them—He only aimed at the Reputation of being thought well with the Ladies in general, without attaching himself particularly to any one. The poor Devil at last broke the Bridge of his Nose by a Tumble he got in handing a Lady up Stairs. This Accident spoil'd him for a *Beau Garcon*—He never could put a good Face upon the Matter afterwards—When the Bridge was broken down, all Communication with the Fair Sex was intirely cut off—*The Pangs of despised Love* drove him to drinking—In nine Months he grew big bellied, and soon after died of a Liver Dropsy.

I beg

I beg your Pardon, Captain, says Mr. *Crab*, (who had remained all this Time absorbed in Thought) for not attending to your Story. I hope it was no Friend of ours that died of the Dropsy ? No, no, says the Captain, it was honest *Jack Dangle* of our Regiment—The Thing I speak of happen'd thirty Years ago. I am satisfied, says Mr. *Crab* ; but pray Sir, (addressing himself to Mr. *Heartwell*) how do you mean to conduct yourself in Regard to this Letter.

My Intention, says Mr. *Heartwell*, is to see the Author of it, and to sift into the truth of the Relation. If I find that she is a Person of Character, and deserving of our Attention, which most probably I shall discover by her Behaviour, I shall then promise to do her all the Service in my Power, and come to consult with you in what Manner to proceed.

This is certainly right, says Mr. *Crab*, but I hope, nay, I am sure, you will treat her with the greatest Gentleness, for I find myself strangely interested in her Story. I must beg you will insist upon knowing her Name, which will clear up all my Doubts. I shall think it an Age till I see you again ; because nothing adds more to the Mensuration of Time than Suspense.

Mr. *Heartwell* promised to execute this Business with the utmost Dispatch, and took his Leave.

C H A P. V.

Explains what is meant by talking like an Apothecary, and when it is necessary to do so.

NOtwithstanding the united Efforts of the Triumvirate to recommend Mr. *Brooklime* in his Profession, such was the popular Prejudice against him, that very few, and those only of the better Sort, would make use of him. So that if *Trundle* had lived, he might have bid Defiance to all Opposition, as long as there was any Body left to employ him.

One Day, talking upon this Subject, the Captain was expressing his Astonishment that the People could so obstinately persist in their Credulity against the daily Conviction of their own Senses. Ay, ay, says Mr. *Heartwell*, they don't regard *Juvenal's* Maxim,

Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula cautum.

Other Mens Dangers do not make them more cautious—

they follow Example only, without considering the Precept.

Why really, Gentlemen, says Mr. *Crab*, I do not think this will appear so wonderful, if we reflect upon the Operations of the human Mind. All Mankind are fond of Novelty, and every Thing is new to us that we do not understand. When the Causes and Effects of Things are evident

dent and clear, there is no Room for Hope, which is the Cordial of Life—Hope flatters us into a Belief that some good will befall us, which Reason forbids us to expect. *Trundle* always talked to his Patients in a Gibberish of his own, made up of Technical Terms and Scraps of Latin, which neither he nor they understood, but they admired him for his Learning. Mr. *Brooklime* speaks to them in a Language plain and suitable to their Capacities, and therefore they think he knows nothing of the Matter. To illustrate this a little further, let us take a view of the Actions of Children, so soon as they are capable of forming any distinct Ideas. Give a Child a Plaything—Let it be a Windmill, a dancing Figure, or any other Bauble that may be put in Motion by turning a Winch or otherwise. The Child will be highly diverted with it as long as the Cause of Action remains unknown to him; but let him pull it to Pieces (an Experiment which they seldom fail to make) and see how this Motion was produced, his Pleasure ceases with his Wonder, and it is immediately thrown aside as unworthy of his Attention. In the like Manner, and for the same Reasons, People of all Ages are delighted with the Tricks of a Juggler, and captivated with the egregious Promises of a Quack advertisement: Indeed, when the Cheat is discovered, they all treat it with the Contempt it deserved, and are vastly surpriz'd that any Body should be taken in by them. When an Empiric dies, whose Medicines have been so much in Vogue, that it be-

comes a national Concern to have the Composition of their Nostrums made Public, what is the Consequence? The Secret is out — Our Hopes of Relief are at an End, because we understood what the Effects must be. In short, we have seen the Inside of the Wind-mill, and it amuses us no longer. This was the Case with Dr. *Ward*, Mrs. *Stephens*, &c. &c. &c. If a Physical Author broaches a new Hypothesis, such as the Prohibition of Bread and all farinaceous Food, it is presently adopted by the Multitude, because the Writer's Reasoning upon it is too obscure to be understood: It is enough for the Author to say that Bread is *Acessant* to prove it noxious, tho' perhaps upon a strict Enquiry, that Property might be found to be most salutary; at least our Forefathers who judged from Experience, have always thought so, or they would not have called it *The Staff of Life*.

Allowing your Argument to be right, says Mr. *Heartwell*, it appears to me that the best Method Mr. *Brooklime* can take, to ingratiate himself with these People, will be to talk to them more unintelligibly.

Ay, ay, says the Captain, that would do the Thing effectually; for I very well remember that the Surgeon's Mate of our Regiment, who was the very Counterpart of *Trundle*, carried it all to nothing against the Surgeon, in the Opinion of the Soldiers, though he killed us more Men in one Campaign than the French did in three.

For

For the above weighty Reasons, the Triumvirate advised Mr. *Brooklime* to make use of the *Trundlean* Language when he visited his Patients for the future : And being called just at that Time to a substantial Farmer, who was seized with a Fever, he took that Opportunity to make the Experiment. As soon as he had seen his Patient, and retired into the next Room with the Man's Wife ; the good Woman asked him what he thought of her Husband ? Why, Madam, says *Brooklime*, he has a Fever of the inflammatory Kind, occasioned by a certain Lensor in the Blood, which makes the Event very precarious. If it should occupy the *Cerebrum* or *Cerebellum*, it will terminate in a *Pbrenitis*.— If the Lungs are affected, a *Peripneumonia* may ensue—If an *Adhesion*, a *Pleurisy*, and so forth ; any of which may prove Mortiferous. But if an external Abscess should be formed with a laudable Maturation, it is a Crisis of a salutiferous Nature. It is proper that he be phlebotomised immediately, and that he take saline Medicines neutralized ; and he must have subacid Potions to drink warm constantly.

The Wife listened very attentively 'till he had done, and then thanked him kindly for his Information, tho' she did not understand a Word he had been saying. However the Farmer recovered from his Illness ; and in a short Time Mr. *Brooklime* became as famous in his Profession as *Galen*, *Paracelsus*, or even *Trundle* himself.

C H A P. VI.

Sir John Bangham's Offence greatly aggravated by common Report—Mr. Heartwell gives an Account of his Interview with the Lady, and Mr. Crab's Determination thereon.

DURING the Interval between Mr. *Heartwell's* producing the anonymous Letter and his seeing the Author of it, the Captain acquainted Mrs. *Crab* with the Contents, as it respected the Behaviour of Sir *John Bangham*; and Mrs. *Crab*, out of pure sisterly Kindness (for no other Reason to be sure) mentioned it to Lady *Bangham*, first preparing her for it, and begging her, with Tears in her Eyes, not to be shocked at her Husband's Infidelity. Indeed, to do Mrs. *Crab* Justice, she did not say a Syllable of it to any other Person, except a few Friends and Acquaintances, to whom she gave a strict Charge not to discover the Secret: But these few were quite sufficient to spread the Report all round the Country; and as every one adds a little, by Way of Decoration to his Story, the Transaction grew to an enormous Size in eight and forty Hours.

Mr. *Brooklime* having heard of the Affair, came to Mr. *Crab* with a very grave Countenance, and asked him if he knew any Thing about Sir *John Bangham*? Nothing very Material, says Mr. *Crab*; then says Mr. *Brooklime*, I hope
it

it is not true, but the Report goes that Sir *John* attacked and forcibly entered the House of a Widow, whose Daughter he has had a Design upon for some Time past—That he tied the Mother Neck and Heels, and ravished the Daughter. And pray, says Mr. *Crab*, who may this Widow be? That I don't know, says Mr. *Brooklime*, but I hear she has been this Morning to advise with Mr. *Heartwell* in what Manner she shall proceed against Sir *John*. If that be the Case, says Mr. *Crab*, (stifling his Anxiety as much as possible) we shall soon know the Truth of this Matter. Mr. *Brooklime* then took his Leave, and Mr. *Heartwell* came soon afterwards.

My dear *Heartwell*, says Mr. *Crab*, eagerly, what News do you bring? It is every Tittle of it true, says Mr. *Heartwell*, for Mrs. *Garland*—*Garland!* says Mr. *Crab*, then I am wretched indeed—I shall run mad—but first I'll cut the Villain's Throat—Have a little Patience, says Mr. *Heartwell*. Patience! says Mr. *Crab*, preach it to the Winds—She would not advance a Falshood—*Sophia's* ruined, and I am distracted. My dear Friend, says Mr. *Heartwell*, how unlike yourself do you appear, while you thus suffer your Passions to run away with you? and for nothing too. Nothing! says Mr. *Crab*, call you it Nothing? to lose a most valuable Jewel, or what is worse, to find it robbed of it's native Lustre, and thrown into the Street,

to be picked up by the first Passenger that thinks it worth stooping for ?

Upon my Word, Sir, says Mr. *Heartwell*, you speak so metaphorically, that I don't understand you. Why then, Sir, says Mr. *Crab*, I'll speak plainly, Is not *Sophia* ravished? If you mean Mrs. *Garland's* Daughter, says Mr. *Heartwell*, I say, no. Do you choose to hear what passed between us? By all means, says Mr. *Crab*, and I beg your Pardon, most sincerely, for interrupting you—It was a Report brought me by *Brooklime*, of Sir *John's* breaking into the House and ravishing the Daughter, that put me into this Agitation—I beseech you to go on.

Well then, says Mr. *Heartwell*, Mrs. *Garland* repeated all she had said in her Letter, tho' with many more Circumstances, very much to the Dishonour of Sir *John Bangham*. When she ended her Relation, she entreated me to use my best Endeavours to make Sir *John* ashamed of his Behaviour, and prevent any Thing of the like Kind for the future; but, says she, I must beg of you to do it as privately as possible, for I could wish, for particular Reasons, to continue unknown, as I have done ever since I came into this Country. Madam, says I, I am very ready and willing to do you all the Service in my Power, but if you confine me to strict Secrecy, and will not permit me to call in the Assistance of a Friend, whose Confidence I can rely on,

on, I fear I shall not be able to accomplish what you desire; for I am so far from having any Influence over Sir *John Bangham*, that it is but lately we are come to live upon neighbourly Terms, which Compromise was brought about by the very Person to whom I am desirous of communicating your Business. And pray, Sir, says she, if it is not impertinent, who may this Friend be? Mr. *Crab*, Madam, said I. Mr. *Crab*! says she, (starting back) he is the last Person in the World to whom I should chuse to discover myself. Madam, says I, you must know very little of Mr. *Crab* to doubt his Integrity and Justice in this or any other Affair; but I suppose you may apprehend, from having heard that Mr. *Crab* is Nephew to Lady *Bangham*, that he would be partial to the Failings of Sir *John*. No, Sir, says she, believe me, I have no Apprehensions of that Kind—I am too well acquainted with Mr. *Crab*'s Character to entertain any unfavourable Suspicions of him, or to think him capable of a dishonourable Action, but ——— Here she paused, and I asked her what could be the Reason for wishing to secrete herself and her Affairs from the only Man who was able to serve her. There seems, Madam, says I, to be something very mysterious in this Matter, and you must pardon me if I refuse to go a step further unless you will explain it. Sir, says she, it is a Point of Delicacy that has hitherto restrained me from acting so ingeniously with you as you have a right to expect—
There

There was a Time, says she, (wiping her Eyes with her Handkerchief) when we were in a different Situation of Life, and it was at that Time that I knew Mr. *Crab*. When the dreadful Stroke came, which obliged us, on Account of our Circumstances, to retire from the busy World, I determined not to let any Person know the Place of our Destination, and I declare, upon my Honour, that we had been long settled in our small Habitation, before I heard that Mr. *Crab's* Family resided in this Part of the Country; so little Commerce had we with the Neighbourhood about us. Now, Sir, to shew you that I mean to hide nothing from you, I will confess to you that I conceived a Notion, from Mr. *Crab's* Behaviour when he visited us in *London*, that my Daughter was not totally indifferent to him, though I have nothing to confirm this Opinion but my own Observation, for my Daughter has never dropt the most distant Hint of it. This, Sir, was my Reason for chusing to avoid being seen by Mr. *Crab*, lest he might think we purposely took up our Abode in this Place, to throw ourselves in his Way. But I hope, Sir, since you think it necessary that Mr. *Crab* should become a Party in our Affair, that you will be so good as to assure him and convince him of our Innocence, and that it was Chance, not Choice, that fixed us in this Part of the World.

This

This (continued Mr. *Heartwell*) is the Sum and Substance of what passed between Mrs. *Garland* and me. What do you propose doing?

Doing? says Mr. *Crab*, any Thing, every Thing! there is no Risque I would not run, nor any Danger so great that I would not encounter in the Cause of my dear *Sophia*. Just at that Moment the Captain entered, and hearing the Name of *Sophia*, he cried, So ho! what is *Sophia* then the Object of Sir *John*'s Pursuit! I believe I must order *Cork* to scower my Pistols—I'll be thy Second, my Boy, if you should want me—I can pull a Trigger still—My Hand never shakes at the Sight of an Enemy, and my Legs won't serve me to run away.

I thank you kindly, Sir, says Mr. *Crab*, but at present I have a more peaceable Employment for you. I shall take it as a Favour if you will go and talk with my Mother, and recommend Mrs. *Garland* to her Acquaintance—It will pave the Way for my more serious Eclaircissement. In the mean Time I'll write a Line to Sir *John*.

Do so, says the Captain, but hark ye, *Kit*, don't let your Letter run in the Stile of a Challenge—Keep on the windy Side (winking) of the Law—Give him only a Hint of what he must expect, if he does not resign all Pretensions; and if it must come to Action, make a Rencontre of it.

I shall certainly observe your Advice, Captain, says Mr. *Crab*.

C H A P. VII.

A Comparison between an Historian and a Stage-Coachman—A Conversation between the Captain and Mrs. Crab; with a Letter from Mr. Crab to Sir John Bangham.

IF it were possible for an Historian to steer his Course strait forwards, like a Ship that is got into the Trade-Winds, he might finish his Work the sooner for it. But the Province of a Writer resembles more the Occupation of a Stage-Coachman, than the Commander of a Vessel—He must stop to receive and deliver Parcels—Take up and set down Passengers upon the Road, &c. all which necessarily occasions some Delay; but if he does not idle away his Time in drinking at Ale-houses with the outside Passengers, those within have no Right to find Fault.

Should any of my Brother Authors be offended with the Vulgarity of this Comparison, I would refer them to the two following Lines, written on one of these Sons of *Phaeton*,

* *Where-e're he drove, each Inn confess'd his
Sway,
Maids brought the Dram, and Ostlers flew with
Hay.*

And

* See Mr. *Whitehead's* Gymnasiad.

And I would ask them, whether it would not be more prudent, if they wanted Credit upon the Road, to conceal than to declare their Vocations? Most Authors, by Profession, are *drove* to it by Necessity: But as I am not of that Number, I'll *drive* on. Gee—ho—Captain.

The Captain had a longer Conversation with Mrs. *Crab* than he expected or desired. He found Occasion for all his Address to reconcile her to the Characters of Mrs. *Garland* and her Daughter. Mrs. *Crab* had taken it strongly into her Head, that *Sophia* was a Miss of Pleasure, whom her Son privately kept; and she looked upon Sir *John's* beating up their Quarters as a fortunate Accident that might oblige them to march off the Premises. When a Woman (or a Man either) hath adopted an Opinion on no better Foundation than mere Conjecture, they will not so readily give it up as they would one that is supported by the best Authority — They regard it as their own Child, and they cannot bear the Thoughts of seeing it destroyed. The Captain knew this very well — He therefore changed the Plan of his Attack, and instead of endeavouring to convince her that she was wrong, he flattered her Judgment, and affected to think her right; by this means he drew her out of her Intrenchments, and got her upon other Ground. Madam, says he, though I must acknowledge you have made a Convert of me, yet still you have done nothing, unless you make your Son ashamed of the At-
tempt

tempt to impose upon you. Now, Madam, if you would but condescend to make them a Visit, (which is the very Thing your Son wants you to do) a Woman of your Penetration and Knowledge of the World, will see in a Moment what the Creatures are, and you will then have a fair Pretence for reproving him as a Parent ought to do. For my Part, I shall give him a handsome Jobation for sending me on so scandalous an Errand.

Mrs. *Crab* swallowed this Bait, and the Captain, leaving her to digest it, found Mr. *Crab* in the Library, where he left him, with his Letter to Sir *John* lying before him upon the Table. When the Captain had given an Account of his Embassy, which Mr. *Crab* very much approved, he took up the Letter and read,

‘ Dear Sir,

‘ I am very sorry to be under the Necessity of
 ‘ of acquainting you, that your extraordinary
 ‘ Mode of visiting at Mrs. *Garland*’s, has been
 ‘ represented to me as a Violation of the Laws
 ‘ of Decorum and Humanity. That you may
 ‘ not think me impertinent in meddling with
 ‘ what concerns me not, it is proper to tell you,
 ‘ that I am more than commonly interested in the
 ‘ Welfare and Happiness of Miss *Garland*. I
 ‘ must therefore beg you to decline those dis-
 ‘ graceful Attempts, which I will do you the
 ‘ Justice

‘ Justice to believe you would never have made,
 ‘ had you known the *real* Character of the La-
 ‘ dy. Expecting your punctual Compliance with
 ‘ this Request, I remain,

‘ Dear Sir,

‘ *Your affectionate*

‘ *Humble Servant,*

‘ Christopher Crab.’

Why, says the Captain, this Letter would be sufficiently explicit to any Man of a tolerable Capacity, but I question much whether Sir *John* and his Huntsman to help him will be able to understand it.

The Letter was however dispatched to Sir *John*; and in the mean Time Mr. *Crab*, accompanied by his Friend the Captain, hastened to the Habitation of Mrs. *Garland*, as well to prepare her for the Reception of his Mother, as to gratify his impatient Desire of seeing his beloved *Sophia*.

C H A P. VIII.

Mr. Crab and the Captain visit Mrs. Garland and Sophia—An uncommon Description of a Flower-Garden—Sir John Bangham's Answer to Mr. Crab's Letter.

THE unexpected Appearance of Mr. Crab and the Captain excited great Agitation of Mind in Mrs. Garland and Sophia. Not that they were caught in a Dishabille, nor had they ever, in their whole Lives, Occasion to make that miserable Apology for Uncleanness, which some Females too frequently do, viz. *That they did not expect Company.* No, the Palpitation of their Hearts arose from very different Motives. Mrs. Garland was half ashamed to introduce Mr. Crab into her small Mansion — This was the first Mortification her Pride had met with (for every virtuous Woman has Pride) since she retired into the Country. Mr. Crab was the only Person she had received, whom she knew before in her Days of Prosperity ; and the feeling Reader, who has well considered the Power of associated Ideas, will easily conceive how diminutive her little Parlour must appear, when instantly placed in the same Point of View with the spacious Drawing-Room of her late dwelling House in London. The Sight of Mr. Crab produced still greater Confusion in Sophia, as it suddenly brought to her Remembrance the Confessi-

on

on she had made in her Letter, which nothing, at that Time, but the Thoughts of never seeing him again, could have extorted from her. It was impossible for her to stifle those conscious Blushes that gave Evidence against her, and which Mr. Crab was too circumspect to overlook, though he purposely diverted the Attention of the Company from *Sophia*, by addressing his Discourse to Mrs. Garland. You must excuse me, Madam, says he, if I upbraid you with Unkindness for stealing out of *London*, without letting any Soul know whither you was gone to — Methinks you might have found some one Person worthy of being intrusted with so important a Secret. Had I been that happy Person, what a World of Trouble and Anxiety would it have saved me! but your cruel Injunction to *Sophia* shut out all Expectation of ever seeing you more. Her Letter indeed did me infinite Honour, at the same Time that it gave me exquisite Uneasiness.

So then, says Mrs. Garland, (looking at *Sophia*) I find you did write to Mr. Crab, notwithstanding the Promise you made me? I did, Madam, says *Sophia*, but it was before I knew where we were going to — The Promise I made you afterwards, was, not to discover the Place of our Abode to any Person, either by Letter or otherwise, which I have most faithfully kept.

Madam, says Mr. Crab, I plainly perceive your Plan of Retirement was such, that we should never have found you out, if Fortune had
not

not thrown my blundering Uncle in your Way, whose Behaviour, though very base and abominable, I hope you will forgive, for having been (not the innocent) Cause of this joyful Meeting. My Mother will wait on you To-morrow, and we shall expect the Happiness of your Company to Dinner the next Day.

Mrs. *Garland* acknowledged the Honour intended her, and *Sophia* seemed not displeased with the Appointment.

The Captain, who understood the Art of Love as well as of War, took an Opportunity to commend the little Garden he saw from the Parlour Window; and hinting a Desire to walk into it, Mrs. *Garland* offered to attend him, which he accepted, and they left the Lovers alone together.

We Soldiers, Madam, says the Captain, (as he handed Mrs. *Garland* through the green Wicket) have so much idle Time upon our Hands, that we should be at a Loss to fill it up, if we did not strike out Amusements from such Trifles as the busy Part of Mankind overlook. But, in my Opinion, there is nothing furnishes a greater Variety of Entertainment both for the Body and the Mind, than a well regulated Garden. *Will Myrtle*, a Lieutenant of our Regiment, was a great Gardener, particularly in the Flower Way. The Disposition of his Auriculas was, to be sure, exceedingly odd and whimsical. He christened them by the Names of all the famous Generals, that

that ancient or modern Times have produced; and he gave them Rank and Precedency according to their military Merit, though it must be confessed that (like the Generality of Historians) *Will* shewed some Partiality to his own Countrymen. For Example, his first Line, or rather Shelf, was filled with the British Worthies, in Preference to the Heroes of old.—*Cæsar*, *Pompey*, and *Hannibal* gave Place to King *Artbur*, the Black Prince, and *Harry* the fifth. He likewise preferred the Europeans to those of *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America*—*Alexander* the Great appeared little, by being thrust behind *Gustavus Adolphus*; and poor *Darius* stuck into a Tin Pot by the Side of *Charles* of *Sweden*, was scarcely seen at all—As for *Achilles*, *Hector*, *Diomed*, *Ajax*, and half a Dozen more of their Cotemporaries, they were all rammed into an old washing Tub, which was pushed out of the Shed, and exposed to the Wind and Weather. I could not help asking him, why these great Personages were treated so inhumanly? His Answer was, that as they had been always protected by the Gods when living, he thought he might now very safely trust them to Providence. The Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* had a Shelf to themselves, but I observed that the Duke's Pot was larger and more ornamented, and the Mould about him much richer than the Prince's. The Duke of *Cumberland* and Count *Saxe* stood Cheek by Jowl, with this Distinction only, that the Duke took

took the Right Hand, which gave Offence to a French Officer who came to see the Shew; but *Will* excused himself handsomely enough, by saying, that he allowed the Count to have more Knowledge in the Theory of War, but he thought the Duke equalled him in Courage, and surpassed him in Humanity.

In this Manner, Madam, continued the Captain, did my Friend *Will* pass the best Part of his Time; and though, like other Potentates, he might be now and then puzzled about displacing one General to make Room for another, yet he had this singular Advantage, that he never met with a sour Look or a discontented Countenance from any of them: They all smiled upon him, and submitted chearfully to his absolute Authority.

The Captain having allowed the Lovers, as he thought, though they might think otherwise, Time enough to talk over what they had to say, returned with Mrs. *Garland* into the House; and soon afterwards Mr. *Crab* and he took their Leave.

When they got Home, Mr. *Crab* found the following Letter from Sir *John Bangham*, written by his Huntsman, which I shall give to the Reader *verbatim et literatim*.

• deer

‘ deer nesu

‘ j Have gust raccaved A lettur from yew
 ‘ the puss yew mensbion j found Up on my manner
 ‘ wick j caint ritely Understand norr John nather
 ‘ but if yew Rund bur to ground furst she is yewrs
 ‘ And yew ma digger out whensomever yew plees
 ‘ j sbent bender yew so no more at prestant from
 yewr

Loving unkel

John Bangham

dyana as got too puppes
 bi ould banter

If the Baronet and John his Huntsman had much Difficulty in finding out the Meaning of Mr. Crab's Letter, Sir John was even with him: For the Captain and Mr. Crab had much ado to decipher his. However, as it gave up the Point in Dispute, it was as satisfactory as if it had been written by the ancient TULLY or the modern JUNIUS.

C H A P.

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C H A P.

C H A P. IX.

This is a Chapter upon Quotations, which has no Connection with the History, and may be passed by if the Reader chuses it.

IT has been an usual Practice with Writers of all Denominations to cite Authors and quote Passages from them, in order, sometimes to strengthen their Hypothesis, but oftener to set forth their own Erudition. There is not a Scribler on Government and Politics, that does not, with great Freedom, refer you to *Locke*, *Sydney*, *Machiavel*, and *Bolingbroke*, for a Confirmation of what he advances, tho' they differ from him ever so widely. The young Student in Physic, who is brim full of *Theory*, tho' he has not yet begun to visit the Sick, thinks it high Time to appear in Print, and he calls upon *Hippocrates*, *Celsus*, *Baglivi*, *Bellini*, *Boorbave*, and our own *Sydenham*, so easily and familiarly, that those Readers who knew not when those Folks lived, would swear he was their intimate Friend and Companion; though in Fact he is only acquainted with their Names and general Characters.

I do not, however, mean by this Remark to ridicule Quotations in the Lump. On the contrary, I think when they are judiciously chosen, and properly introduced, they certainly elucidate and heighten every Discourse. But if an Author (like *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*) should
quote

quote more than he writes, be his Subject ever so well handled, I should be inclined to call him a great *Reader* rather than a great *Writer*: and in my Opinion (with Submission I speak it) the very ingenious Author of *Tristram Shandy* is guilty of Affectation in quoting so many learned Names to so very little Purpose.

As a Model for us Historians in Miniature, I think we need not look further back than to the Author of *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*, the British *Gil Blas* — the English *Cervantes*, who was the first that brought Novel-writing into Repute, amongst Men of Sense and Judgment, by introducing Character, Sentiment and Humour. He was (like *Falstaff*) not only witty himself, but the Cause that Wit was in other Men.

To his Example we are obliged for a *Roderick Random*—A Sentimental Journey—A Lady *Fu-liet Mandeville*,—A Placid Man—With many more entertaining Productions of the same Kind.

Notwithstanding *Clarissa Harlow* and Sir *Charles Grandison* were universally read and admired, I cannot class them in the first Rank of Novels; many of the Characters are so refined, that they are as much out of Nature by being above it, as *Swift's* Yahoos are by being below it—*Medio tutissimus ibis*.

These two celebrated Compositions exhibit to the Imagination, a Picture where the Characters are well designed—finely coloured—and

laboriously finished, but horridly out of Drawing.

If this Remark should incur the Censure of those Gentlemen who sit in Judgment Monthly on every new Publication, I shall kiss the Rod and suppose myself wrong. For, notwithstanding the Abuse thrown out against them by exploded Authors, rebelling against their Sentence, I must still think their Criticisms and Observations in general, both ingenious and impartial.

C H A P. X.

Mrs. Crab visits Mrs. Garland—Finds herself mistaken in her Opinion of Sophia—Mr. Crab proposes a Method to prevent Gaming, which ends the first Book.

I Acknowledge the foregoing Chapter to be a downright Transgression against all the Rules of Writing. But I should add to the Offence by endeavouring to vindicate it; like a Stage-Coachman that stops *five* Minutes upon the Road to drink, and spends *ten* in an Altercation with the Passengers to excuse it. I will therefore go on, without saying another Word.

Mrs. Crab made her Visit to Mrs. Garland, and returned greatly disappointed to find her Conjecture so ill founded. As I am a Gentlewoman, says she to the Captain, I believe we are both mistaken about *Sophia*—She seems to me to be a prudent well-behaved Girl. So much
the

the better, Madam, says the Captain. That's true, replied Mrs. *Crab*, but I hope *Kit* has not not fixed his Affections upon her, for I suppose she has no Fortune, by their living in such a poor little House. Very probably, says the Captain; but if this young Lady possesses all the good Qualities your Son speaks of, she is a Fortune in herself—a Match for a Monarch, and I think he would have a greater Prospect of Happiness with a Woman who is sensible of an Obligation, than with a modern Lady of Quality, who marries only in sure and certain Hopes of a speedy Separation. I agree with you, says Mrs. *Crab*, but you must allow that Money is a very necessary Ingredient in the Marriage State. I do, Madam, says the Captain, and I think your Son's Estate quite sufficient, though *Sophia* should not have a Shilling—Two thousand Pounds a Year will surely enable a Man to live like a Gentleman in *North Wales*, provided he is not ambitious of serving his Country (as they call it) in Parliament, nor has any Inclination to learn the Art and Mystery of Gaming, at the Expence of losing his whole Fortune.

Just at that Moment Mr. *Crab* joined them, with the News-paper in his Hand: And hearing the last Words the Captain spoke, yes, says he, I suppose you have been talking of poor Lord *W—*, who I see by this Paper has lost his Estate by Play. The dreadful Consequences of this Evil, to Families of every Rank and Condition,

have been lately so frequent, that it is strange to me the Legislature hath not fallen upon some Method to put a Stop to it. I am sensible that an A^d of Parliament for that Purpose, would never pass, from the Opposition it would meet with; for the People of *England* are so jealous of their Liberties, that they would murmur extremely at any Law that was evidently intended to deprive them of the Power to ruin themselves. And yet I think there is a Way of doing it, without framing any new penal Statute, or vainly attempting to put any of the old ones in Force. We all know, or at least we have been told that our benevolent Prince hears with Abhorrence of the daily Calamities occasioned by excessive Gaming; and we may from thence conclude, that nothing could be more agreeable to him than to be furnished with the ready Means of preventing it; the more especially as by the Remedy to be administered, His Majesty would have the sole Merit and Satisfaction of saving Numbers of his Subjects from total Destruction. My Scheme is this. Let the King issue his royal Proclamation, declaring (after the proper Preamble, setting forth the Necessity for such Proclamation) that any Person holding any Place, Pension, or Employment, appointable by his Majesty, who shall after a certain Day of a certain Month, be convicted before a Justice of the Peace, upon the Oaths of two credible Witnesses, of having lost more than Five Pounds at any one sitting, shall be immediately dismissed from

from their Employment, with the royal Assurance of never being again received into any Department under His Majesty, &c. &c. If it should be objected that this laudable Exertion of Prerogative could only extend to those in public Offices and the King's own Domestics ; I say, that the Scale is not so narrow as it may at first appear ; for, upon a fair Calculation, it will be found, that nine Tenths of the Nobility either are, have been, or wish to be Placemen or Pensioners ; and we know the Force of Example to be such, that if the People of Quality were obliged by their Necessity to leave off Play, the Vice would grow unfashionable, and the People of no Quality (who ape their Superiors) would have no Relish for it.

I like your Scheme, Friend *Kit*, says the Captain, and I can easily conceive that his Majesty might adopt the Measure, if it came thro' a proper Channel ; but I am confident if it was proposed to the privy Council, it would be carried in the Negative, *Nem. con.*

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

B O O K T H E S E C O N D .

C H A P . I.

Opens with a Dinner given by Mr. Crab on Mrs. Garland's Account, at which Sir John Bangham exhibits a Specimen of his Breeding and Civility.

MR S. *Crab* and the Captain went in the Coach to fetch Mrs. *Garland* and *Sophia* to Dinner. Sir *John* and Lady *Bangham*—Mr. *Heartwell* and Mr. *Brooklime* were likewise invited. When the Company were all met, it was natural to imagine that Sir *John* would be a little confounded at the Sight of *Sophia*; but the Baronet was not troubled with that Kind of Sensibility, which, upon the whole, gives more Pain than Pleasure to the Possessor. He suffered no Compunction, because he was not conscious that he had committed any Offence. If a By-stander, ignorant of Sir *John's* former Behaviour, had been to judge from the Colour of their Countenances, which of the two was the Culprit, he would certainly have fixed upon *Sophia*, who reddened with Resentment, when she was introduced to Sir *John* by Mr. *Crab*. However,

Sir

Sir *John*, not regarding, or more probably, not observing her Confusion, said to her, without any Ceremony, I hope, Miss, you are in a better Humour than when I saw you last? That, Sir, will depend upon your Treatment of me—I shall always be ready to acknowledge every Civility that is shewn me; but I do not think myself obliged to keep my Temper with any one that insults me.

Sir *John* turned short away from her, and drawing Mr. *Crab* by the Arm up to the Widow, said, Pray, *Kit*, who is the Girl that thou keeps in a Corner to thyself? She's a handsome Wench enough, but confounded shy—Does your Mother know who she is? Yes, Sir, says Mr. *Crab*, and my Aunt too. What! my Wife, says Sir *John*, the Devil she does! It's very true, says Mr. *Crab*, and she knows likewise of your friendly Visits there. Zounds and Thunder, says Sir *John*, who could tell her that? My Mother, Sir, says Mr. *Crab*, out of pure sisterly Kindness, and to prevent any one from representing the Affair to my Aunt in a worse Light (if possible) than it really was, told her every Circumstance. 'Sblood, Man, says Sir *John*, it can't be, for my Wife has not said a Word to me about it. No, Sir, says Mr. *Crab*, you know my Aunt has been used to these Things, and she shews her Prudence in not taking Notice of them. Ay, ay, says Sir *John*, she is used to them, sure enough; but I wish, for all that, this Wench had not fallen in my Way.

By this Time the Company were called down to Dinner, and Mr. *Crab* had not Time to inform Sir *John* who Mrs. *Garland* was, and to declare his honourable Intentions upon *Sophia*.

All Dinner Time Sir *John*'s Attention was directed to observe Lady *Bangbam*'s Behaviour towards *Sophia*; and he was greatly surprized to see her Ladyship shew her so much Civility and Respect. Ay, ay, says he (reaching over to Mr. *Crab*) I was right, my Wife knows nothing of the Matter. In doing this, he unfortunately overset a Plate-full of Pigeon Pie, full upon poor Mr. *Brooklime*: And to apologize for it, he gave him a great slap on the Shoulder, and said, never mind it, Doctor, it will all rub off when it's dry. The greasy Condition of Mr. *Brooklime*'s Cloaths, together with the aggravating Weight of Sir *John*'s right Hand, was enough to raise the Resentment of any Man who was at Liberty to be angry; but Mr. *Brooklime*'s Situation in that Country oblig'd him to keep well with the Baronet, tho' he despised the Man. He only said, very modestly (as he was wiping the Breast of his Coat) indeed, Sir *John*, if you meant this as a Favour, I assure you it is quite thrown away upon me, for I would rather have been without it. Well, well, says Sir *John*, you may charge your Coat to me in *Bowlouses* and *Portions*. Why, says the Captain, since Sir *John* is so generous to pay for Medicines he never intends to take, I think, Mr. *Brooklime*, you cannot do
less

less than make him a Present of a Blister for his Back—Let it be large and sharp, and when it's fit to dress, give him a good flap on the Back, and say, never mind it, Sir *John*, it will all rub off when its dry. Sir *John* regarded it not, but called for a large Glass of strong Beer, and when he had drank it off, gave them the *View-Halloo*, which was rather loud than sweet.

When the Dinner was over, and the Ladies had retired, Mr. *Crab* gave Sir *John* a particular Account of Mrs. *Garland* and her Family; at the End of which, he asked him how he could mistake *Sophia* for a Woman of ill Fame? Because, says the Baronet, I have always been told that there is no knowing a *London* Whore from a fine Gentlewoman. You have been strangely misinformed, Sir, says Mr. *Crab*, for there is nothing so unlike a modest Woman as an immodest one. I don't understand it, says Sir *John*, they are all alike to me; so here's all their Healths, (filling a Bumper.) Sir *John* is pleased to joke sometimes, says Mr. *Heartwell*, and I'm sure he does not speak his real Opinion now. An abandoned Beauty may, for a Time, appear captivating in the Eyes of a profligate Libertine, but there is a Dignity in Virtue which will soon make him ashamed of his Attachment.

This Conversation was interrupted by *Cork*, who came to acquaint the Gentlemen that Tea was ready. Sir *John* gave him an angry Look, and then, clenching the Beer Decanter with one

Hand, and flapping Mr. *Brooklime* on the left Shoulder with the other, he cried, this is the Elixir of Life, Doctor, I'll have known of your rot-gut Tea.

But Mr. *Crab*, apprehended that Sir *John* might grow troublesome, if he drank any more Liquor, prevail'd on him to go up, by telling him that Miss *Garland* sung and played upon the Harpsicord delightfully. Well, says Sir *John*, I don't care if I do go up, and now I think on't, I'll ask her Pardon for beating up her Quarters t'other Day. No, says Mr. *Crab*, you had better not, say no more about it. O, yes, says Sir *John*, damn it, I must ask her Pardon. Zounds, *Kit*, dos't think thy Uncle has no Manners, Man?

When he got into the Room, he staggered directly up to *Sophia*, and said, Miss, I beg your Pardon for being so troublesome the other Day, but *Kit* is more to blame than I; if he had told me (winking upon her, and lowering his Voice) who you were, I'd have been damn'd before I would have come near you. I am afraid then, Sir *John*, says *Sophia*, now you do know me, I am not to expect the Honour of a Visit from you, but I hope Lady *Bangbam* has made no such Resolution. No, Madam, says Lady *Bangbam*, tho' we live in this remote Part of the Kingdom, my Husband and I are as fashionable in that particular as any Couple in St. *James's* Parish, for we seldom or ever, except here, visit at the same Places.

Places. But, my Dear, (to Sir *John*) you seem to have drank too much of that Ale; it has got into your Head. Into my Head, says Sir *John*, why where the Devil would you have it get? I shall drive it out To-morrow Morning. And then he set up a Scream in the hunting Stile that made the Company stop their Ears.

To prevent a Repetition of this, *Sophia* was requested to sit down to the Harpsicord. Her Performance gave great Pleasure to the Company, and had the Happiness to charm Sir *John* into a sweet Repose. But as the Child who has been rocked to sleep, wakes when the Cradle stands still, Sir *John*, when *Sophia* left off playing, first rubbed his Eyes, then stretched himself, and yawning, cried, I don't like your *Solars* and *Sonaters*, can't you give us the *Early Horn*, or *Ally Croker*? *Sophia* immediately played the *Early Horn*, and Sir *John* sung, or rather roared, like a Bull, without any Regard to either Time or Tune. The Captain finding the Company disposed to be merry, was desirous to contribute all in his Power to make them so, and therefore asked Miss *Garland* if she knew a Song of *Purcell*, which begins with *Sing all ye Muses* — Yes, Sir, says *Sophia*, it is a two-part Song, but I fear I cannot play it without the Book. I have been told, says the Captain, it is a two-part Song, but I always sing it by myself, to the Tune of *All Joys to great Caesar* — O, Sir, says *Sophia*, I believe I can remember that, and shall
be

be very happy to accompany you. So the Captain sung and acted the Song with great Expression and Vivacity, beating Time with his wooden Leg all the while, to the no small Diversion of his Auditors. And this concluded the Evening's Entertainment.

C H A P II.

Mrs. Garland and Sophia in high Esteem with their Neighbours — Mr. Crab censures the Taste of the Public, and the Captain gives James Maccloud Directions about his Puppet-show.

TO their Praise be it spoken, *Mrs. Crab* and *Lady Bangham* had the Honesty to declare that *Miss Garland* was a most accomplished young Lady. And this was sufficient to bring about a Change of Opinion in the whole Neighbourhood, who, from thinking her but t'other Day no better than she should be, were now all ready to sing the Praises both of the Mother and the Daughter. *Mrs. Garland's* Mode of Speech and Manner of Expression were regarded as the Mod l of polite Conversation, and her Phrases were in every one's Mouth. *Sophia's* Ribbons and Head-dress became the Fashion far and near, and no Body was thought genteel that did not copy her.

Mr. Crab was inwardly pleased to see the Respect that was shewn them by all Sorts of People,

ple, but he could not help moralizing and lamenting, with the Captain and Mr. *Heartwell*, that the Mind of Man should be so fickle and undetermined in its Choice or Disapprobation of Things in general. One would think, says he, there were no fixed Principles or Rule for Right and Wrong in the World. If we are to judge of Men by their Actions, what must we think of them, when we see ninety-nine out of a hundred live by the Example of others, without ever once asking themselves why they do it? they follow as implicitly, and attend as constantly the Motions of the Leader, as the poor Sheep upon a Common, who put themselves in Motion, and regularly obey the Tinkle of the Bell-weather, whenever that Lord of the Manour chuses to change his Ground. If this were not the Case, how should we account for the Variety of Absurdities, in Point of Taste and Judgment, that are daily committed in the great Metropolis? Are the Followers of *Foot* really pleased with his Performances? and would the ridiculous Buffoonery exhibited at his Theatre, draw crouded Audiences, if he had not been first patronized by the Princes of the Blood, and afterwards puffed by those Mercenaries on whom he squanders away his annual Income in Eating and Drinking? No! I should imagine, without the aforesaid Props and Supporters, the British *Aristophanes* (as his Flatterers foolishly call him) would be obliged to find out some more reputable, tho' less lucrative Employment for a Livelihood.

The

The Instance you have just given, says Mr. *Heartwell*, agrees perfectly with the Latin Proverb,

Regis ad Exemplum totus componitur Orbis.

And I think it natural enough for People to suppose their Superiors in Rank and Fortune to be their Superiors in Knowledge and Learning ; and it is perhaps for that Reason, they too frequently imitate their Betters, both in their Vices and their Virtues.

Here *Cork* came into the Room, and whispering something in his Master's Ear, the Captain said, what ! is *James Maccloud* below ? Yes, Sir, says *Cork*. Shall we have him up, *Kit*, says the Captain ? By all means, says Mr. *Crab*.

When *James* entered the Library, where the Gentlemen were sitting, he bore in his Countenance the Marks of Discontent and Disgrace—He looked like a defeated General, or an Author over his Bohea-Tea, the Morning after his Play was damned. Well, *James*, says the Captain, what has brought you into this Part of the World ? A bad Business, Sir, says *James*, (shaking his Head) I am almost ashamed to look my Friends in the Face—You know, Sir, I had once the Honour to command a Company. A Company ! says the Captain, (starting back) no, *James*, you never were more than a Corporal. Your Honour mistakes me, says *James*, I mean that I was once at the Head of a Company of Players.

Players. True, *James*, says the Captain. Ah! Sir, says *James*, (with a Sigh) *Othello's Occupation's gone*—Alas, Sir, I am reduced—Ill Luck has been the Ruin of many a Man—I am now no better than the Master of a Puppet-show—Indeed my Figures are made after the Model of the *Fantocini*, and———Courage, Man, says the Captain, I don't think it can be properly said that you are reduced; you still keep your Rank, and your Pay, in all Probability, will be increased by it. Besides you should consider, *James*, that your Authority as a Manager is now much greater than it was before—Your present Performers will not quarrel about their Parts, nor threaten to leave you if you don't raise their Salaries—Should any of them dare to grumble or complain, you may knock their Heads together as often as you please, and they can have no Redress—You are as absolute as the Grand Turk; whereas the Patentees of the Theatres Royal can at best be only said to enjoy a limited Monarchy, in the Management of which, such Craft and Chicane are necessary to keep the Wheels of Government going, as must be very grating to a Man of a liberal Way of thinking. There is another Advantage you have, which you do not seem sensible of — Your Performers neither eat nor drink, and therefore cannot, through Excess or Debaucheries, grow old before their Time—They are not liable to those Disorders *that Flesh is Heir to*—So that your Empress of *Morecco* will look

as

as young at fifty, as a *Drury-Lane* Actress at fifteen. They may now and then be afflicted with Worms, which sometimes will prove fatal to a Limb, but a *Joiner-Surgeon* soon sets all to rights again.

As your Friend and Well-wisher, *James*, I would advise you to observe more Propriety in the Dialect of your Performances than is usually practised by Gentlemen of your Profession. I mean, that the Language and Sentiment should be properly adapted to the Personage you represent. Punch should not talk like a Member of Parliament, nor fair *Rosamond* utter obscene Words—When her Majesty of *Spain* (or any other Queen) enters the Stage by the Side of her most Catholic Spouse, let their Deportment be graceful, and their Conversation solemnly dull—but no cutting of unchaste Jokes with the Fidler, for Wit is not one of the Royal Prerogatives. If the Infanta of *Spain* should be introduced to dance a Saraband with Castinets, do not suffer Scaramouch to peep under her Petticoats—Such indecent Liberties are too shocking to be borne by a polite Audience. I am willing to allow some nasty Expressions from Punch, because he has a chartered Privilege for saying almost what he pleases; and I know it would be impossible to prevent it, without stopping his Mouth entirely. But I think he should not be permitted to kick his Wife *Joan* before Company, or break Wind downwards in the Presence of a crowned Head—

Thele

These Sort of Things are an Affront to the fair Sex, and an Insult to all Sovereign Authority.

James swallowed all the Captain said with the greatest Avidity, and promised to manage his *Spectacle* literally by his Rules.

C H A P. III.

Critical Remarks on Humphry Clinker.

THE Captain finding Mr. *Crab* in the Library reading, asked him if he had got any Thing new. Yes, says Mr. *Crab*, it is *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*. And how do you like it, says the Captain? I am sorry to say, replied Mr. *Crab*, that I am greatly disappointed—I expected something better from the Author of *Roderick Random*. It seems to me to be exceptionable in every Thing but the Stile and Language—*Humphry Clinker* is a *Lusus Naturæ*—a Kind of human Animal that never existed but in the Brain of the Author. Indeed he figures so seldom in the Business of the Drama, and furnishes so little *Entertainment* to his Guest the Reader, that the Book might as well have been intitled *The Feast of Duke Humphry*. Mr. *Bramble*, who, it must be confessed, has some Originality about him, is represented as a Man of Sense and Erudition; and he is the principal Conduit-Pipe thro' which our Author conveys his own real Sentiments of Men and Things.

He

He makes a Tour from *Gloucester* to *Bristol*—*Bath* and *London*. In these three great Cities, so renowned, so celebrated all over *Europe* for their Trade, Riches, Magnificence, &c. Mr. *Bramble* can find nothing to commend but much to blame and condemn. *Bristol*-Wells is a stinking Dog-hole—A miserable Hospital for wretched Incurables. The new Buildings at *Bath* are tasteless, inconvenient, and crouded upon one another, like the Houses of Cards built by Children. Their Amusements are irrational—The ill-breeding of such a motly Mixture of People insufferable—And the Noise, Nonsense, and Knavery, not to be borne by any Man of common Sense. *London*, forasmuch as it exceeds the other two Cities in Size and Circumference, excels them in every Thing that is eminently pernicious both to Body and Mind. The Air is not fit to breathe, the Water to drink, nor the Bread to eat. The first becomes noxious by being frequently respired thro' putrid Lungs, or contaminated with the infectious Effluvia of old venereal Ulcers, &c. The second is an Infusion of dead Carcasses, human Excrement, and the poisonous Sweepings of Mechanic Shops and Warehouses. The third is a Mixture of Chalk, Allum, and Bone-Ashes. The Butter is manufactured with Candle Grease and Kitchen-stuff. But his Analysis of *London* Milk comprehends such an Assemblage of Filth and Nastiness, as nothing, but the Stream down *Snow-Hill*, in *Swift's* Description of a City Shower, can equal. The Provisions in general
are

are sophisticated, and rendered so destructive to Health, that a Foreigner (from this Account) would think it impossible for a human Being to survive six Months within the Bills of Mortality.

This most unfaithful Portrait of poor Old *England* does mend a little upon us, when Mr. *Bramble* quits *London* to travel Northwards, tho' we find Matters queer enough in *Northumberland*, and even amongst his own Relations. For he says, that Hospitality, which is constantly in the Mouth of every Englishman, is no where so little practised as in *England*; and that if a Frenchman, German, or Italian, should come over to visit a Gentleman in *London*, whom he had entertained at his House abroad in the genteelest Manner, the Islander would carry him to the *Saracen's-Head* or *Blue-Boar*, and make him pay his Share of the Reckoning.

I was at a Loss to guess at the Author's Drift and Design, till Mr. *Bramble* had crossed the *Tweed*; and then I found that *England* was sacrificed, and, as it were, thrown into Shadow, in order to bring the *Mother* Country forwards, and shew her in a more brilliant Light. Every Thing between the *Tweed* and the *Orkneys* is enchanting—The Houses magnificent—The People polite, and their Entertainments elegant. When he calls *Edinburgh* a *Hot-Bed of Genius*, I was inclined to think he meant some *Sarcasm*, alluding to the rich Manure that is nightly ejected from every Window in the Streets of that famous City. But when I saw the respectable Names of the two

Humes,

Humes, Robertson, Wilkie, &c. I dropped the Thought and adopted the Metaphor. However, it must be acknowledged, that great Ingenuity and a most pregnant Imagination were necessary, to draw so many beautiful Pictures from the Contemplation of so barren a Subject.

I am the more displeased with this flagrant Partiality to *Scotland*, as I fear it will tend rather to widen than heal the Breach that at present subsists betwixt the South and North Britons, whom every Lover of his Country would wish to see united without Distinction or Difference.

Setting aside this Objection, I think the Book abounds in many masterly Strokes, and has a great deal of Merit; though I hate that Hottentot, Captain *Lismabago*; and the ridiculous Letters of Mrs. *Tabitha Bramble*, and her Maid *Jenkins*, are too childish to amuse the meanest Capacity.

C H A P. IV.

Mr. Crab's Design upon Sophia thwarted by Lady Bangham and Mrs. Crab—They cast Reflections on the Clergy, which are ridiculed by the Captain.

IT was not the irreproachable Conduct and amiable Qualities of Mrs. *Garland* and *Sophia*, that gained them the Esteem of the Neighbourhood. Mr. *Crab's* unbounded Generosity had, in some Shape or other, laid almost every Individual in his Parish under Obligations to him; and the
Civilities

Civilities hitherto shewn to *Sophia* and her Mother were intended as a Kind of tributary Compliment to Mr. *Crab* for past Favours, or, more probably, as a Bait for future Emoluments. To say the Truth, these Ladies superior Merit began to create them many Enemies: The Wind changed to the East, and that Canker-Worm Envy was very busy in blasting the Blossom of their Reputation. Mrs. *Crab* saw this daily increasing with secret Pleasure; for tho' her Son had convinced her that Mrs. *Garland* was born a Gentlewoman, which was some Satisfaction to her, it was only a Feather in *Sophia's* Cap that did not add one Penny to her Fortune. Lady *Bangham* was no bad Help-mate to her Sister *Crab*. They were constantly plotting and contriving little Stories to the Disadvantage of *Sophia*, with a View to lessen her in the public Opinion, and to make Mr. *Crab* ashamed of his Attachment. These paltry Arts did not escape Mr. *Crab*, but as he was above taking Notice of them, Mrs. *Crab* thought he did not understand her, and she determin'd to be more explicit. One Day, after Dinner, she took Occasion to talk of the Clergy, and affected to lament that the Widows and Children should be left destitute of a Subsistence after their Father's Decease. I think, says she, as the Church-Livings are not allowed to descend, like other Estates, from Father to Son, it's a Shame that Clergymen should be permitted to marry Gentlemen's Daughters. For certainly no Woman of Family, that has any Fortune,

would

would give them any Encouragement, because they can make no Settlement; and those who have nothing, and unhappily throw themselves away in this Manner, if they happen to survive their Husbands, must depend on the small Pittance they receive from the Fund, to keep them from starving. Now if they were to marry Farmers or Shopkeepers Daughters, the Widows might return to the Business they were brought up in, without suffering any Disgrace; but for a Gentlewoman to do any Thing for a Livelihood, is a Scandal in a Christian Country.

I must own, says Lady *Bangham*, I was a good deal shocked the other Day, when I read in the News-paper, that the Reverend Mr. *Tbompson* was married to the second Daughter of Sir *Ralph Talbot*, Baronet. To be sure it must be a terrible Affliction to her Parents. It is really amazing that a Girl who had been politely educated—rode in her Father's Coach, and visited People of Distinction, should bring such a Dishonour upon the Family—she might as well have married her Father's Footman.

Pray, Madam, says the Captain, what might this young Lady's Fortune be? Little or nothing, answered Lady *Bangham*. Why then, says the Captain, I am quite of your Ladyship's Opinion—It would have been better she had married her Father's Footman——much better for Mr. *Tbompson*.

This Observation of the Captain's nettled Lady *Bangham*, who whisper'd something to Mrs. *Crab*,

Crab, and then (speaking just loud enough to be heard) said, I thought the Gentlemen of the Army had been better bred.

The Captain saw where the Arrow was pointed, but as he did not think what he had said required any Apology, he only took a Pinch of Snuff, and went on saying, I remember poor *Dick Ogle* had the honourable Misfortune to marry one of these *Gentlewoman of Family*, who brought him nothing but Children; but she spent him in Dress and Chair-Hire more than his Pay amounted to, for he was but a Lieutenant, so that at the End of three Years, *Dick* was obliged to sell his Commission to pay his Debts, and then, leaving his *Gentlewoman* Wife and two Children to shift for themselves, he went into the Queen of *Hungary's* Service.

Here Mr. *Crab*, Mr. *Brooklime* and the Captain, bursting into Laughter, cried, one after another, *Poor Mrs. Ogle*, which confounded the Ladies so much that they retired with great Precipitation.

C H A P. V.

A short but very serious Conversation between Mr. Crab and Mrs. Garland.

NOtwithstanding the Triumph of the Gentlemen over the Ladies in the last Chapter, Mr. *Crab* did not find any Reason to rejoice when he went the next Day to visit *Sophia*.
Mrs.

Mr^s

Garland received him alone, and with more Ceremony than usual. He observed it, and fearing that the Gravity of her Deportment proceeded from the Indisposition of *Sophia*, he immediately enquired after her Health, and was answered, that she was very well: To what then, Madam, says Mr. *Crab*, am I to attribute the cold Reception I now meet with? I hope I have not given the smallest Offence to the Mother of my dearest *Sophia*? I wish, says Mrs. *Garland*, I could say with Truth, that you have done nothing to make me unhappy. For tho' your Design might be, and I'm well assured it was, just the contrary, yet the Consequence to me will be equally distressful. Tell me, Madam, says Mr. *Crab*, I conjure you, wherein I have transgressed? What fatal Mistake have I made? Believe me, Madam, there is nothing I will leave undone to restore me to the good Opinion of Mrs. *Garland*. You do me too much Honour, says Mrs. *Garland*, and for all the kind Offices you have bestowed on me and my Daughter since you found us in this Country, we can only return our best Thanks and Acknowledgments; but happy, much happier had it been for us, if Fortune had not made Sir *John Bangham* the Instrument to drag us from our Obscurity. We were perfectly reconciled to our homely Situation—Solitude and Retirement, which at first presented a comfortless Prospect, were grown familiar to us, and our scanty annual Income seemed to be increasing
into

into Affluence, in Proportion as our imaginary Wants diminished.

But pray, Madam, says Mr. *Crab*, were you and *Sophia* so in Love with Retirement, that you never wished to live otherwise? I can easily conceive that Time may so far reconcile a Man to a Jail, that Confinement will be less irksome to him than it was when he first entered it; but it will never take from him the Desire of being at Liberty.

It is very true, answered Mrs. *Garland*, the Love of Liberty is implanted in our Natures, and it is the Loss of it that I now complain of—I can no longer live as I like—We are again brought forth into the World, without the Means to support us according to our Rank—We are obliged to associate with People who look down upon us—despise us—perhaps hate us; not for what we are, but what we might be, if they did not prevent it. In short, Sir, your Partiality for my Daughter has raised the Indignation of Mrs. *Crab* and Lady *Bangham* against us; and you know very well how ready the whole Country are to follow their Example.

My dear Madam, says Mr. *Crab*, I will acknowledge that the Behaviour of my Mother and Aunt *Bangham* of late has given me Room to suspect that they are not your Well-wishers, but I was in hopes you had known nothing of it; since it is so, be assured I will not rest 'till I have either conquered their Prejudices, or convinced them that it will be necessary they should

act a very different Part, if they expect a Continuance of my Duty and Affection.

Mr. *Crab* spoke these Words with a Degree of Warmth that was uncommon to him, and then departed without seeing *Sophia*.

CH A P. VI.

Mr. Crab receives a Letter from Mr. Smith, which brings extraordinary News, and is the Cause of much Family Attercation.

MR. *Crab*, in his Return Home, deliberated with himself all the Way he went, on the Mode of proceeding with his Mother and Aunt; but upon his Arrival at his own House, he found a general Post Letter, which made the Plan he had formed in his Mind altogether useless and unnecessary.

Mrs. *Crab* observing a Smile upon her Son's Countenance as he read the Letter, said, I suppose this comes from some very agreeable Correspondent, you seem so pleased with it. Pray, *Kit*, mayn't we know what it's about? Certainly, Madam, says Mr. *Crab*, the Contents will be known to all the Kingdom—the whole Country shall rejoice—the Bells of *Heartwell's* Parish will ring without pulling the Ropes—we will have a Bone-fire as high as the Pigeon-House, and Beer shall be given to the Populace.

This

This Burst of Joy from Mr. *Crab*, who was naturally calm and placid, greatly surprized both the Captain and Mr. *Heartwell*. But he presently resumed his wonted Gravity, and before they could enquire into the Cause of this Exultation, said, I beg Pardon, good Folks, for this childish Extacy, it is an Instance amongst a thousand, that the most agreeable Food of the Mind, taken in by the Eyes and Ears, does not always prove nutritious to the Understanding. If it happens to be too hard for Digestion, it will breed intellectual Crudities, and may produce a mental Atrophy. When I first greedily swallowed the Contents of the Letter I have in my Hand, it created a pleasing Intoxication, the Effects of which you have just now seen; but a Moment's Reflection has convinced me that I mistook the Shadow for the Substance. This Letter comes from *DickSmith*, with whom, if you remember, we passed a Day at *Brazen-Nose* College, in *Oxford*. If you please you may read it to the Company. The Captain took the Letter and read,

Dear *Kit*,

‘ If the Obligations we owe to our Friends,
 ‘ were liable, like simple contract Debts, to be
 ‘ cancelled, if not claimed within the seven
 ‘ Years, you would not now have any Demands
 ‘ of that Kind upon me; because I have not
 ‘ heard any Thing of or from you in all that
 ‘ Time. However be it known unto all Men,
 ‘ that I do not take any such Advantage—I allow

‘ you the royal Privilege, the *Nullum Tempus* ;
 ‘ and I acknowledge that I am as much indebted
 ‘ to you at this Moment as I was when we last
 ‘ parted. You’ll say I write in the Stile of a
 ‘ Lawyer. And I say, that every Man, if he
 ‘ is narrowly watched, betrays his Profession both
 ‘ in his Writing and in his Conversation. You
 ‘ know my Father placed me in the *Temple*, as a
 ‘ Girl is forced into a Cloister, against my Inclination.
 ‘ But I begin to think he was right : For,
 ‘ being a younger Brother, I had no Chance for
 ‘ the Independency you enjoy, unless my Uncle
 ‘ George had taken it into his Head to leave me
 ‘ his Estate. All Expectations of that Sort are
 ‘ now at an End. He died a’ *Thursday* last, and
 ‘ has made my Cousin *Sophia Garland* his Heir.”
 (Here the Captain stamped with his Wooden
 Leg—whistled *All Joys to great Cæsar* for half a
 Minute, and then went on) ‘ So that I am now
 ‘ under the Necessity of amusing myself for Life
 ‘ with *Coke*, *Littleton*, and Law Precedents, in-
 ‘ stead of the Classics, *Shakespeare*, and *Don*
 ‘ *Quixote*.

‘ By the By, *Kit*, you had a *Tendre* once for
 ‘ *Sophia*. But I suppose upon the Death of the
 ‘ Dean you quitted the Pursuit—I don’t blame
 ‘ you—the Coin was wanting—tho’ she is cer-
 ‘ tainly an excellent Creature—it was devilish un-
 ‘ lucky for you—The Fee-simple of her at pre-
 ‘ sent is a thousand *per Annum*, and the Rents
 ‘ may be raised to near a Third more. What a
 ‘ strange Resolution the Mother took ! to fly from

' all her Friends. No Body knows where they
 ' are; and it's more than possible that *Sophia* has
 ' not heard of her good Fortune. If you could
 ' find them out, and renew your Addresses before
 ' she knows her own Consequence, you would
 ' easily carry her. And yet it's not unlikely that
 ' your damn'd squeamish Notions of Honour, and
 ' all that, would not suffer you to impose upon
 ' her. I don't know what you may think of it,
 ' but I am sure if you was to take the Attorney-
 ' General's Opinion of it, he would declare you
 ' legally intitled to her, and I should be glad to
 ' give you every assistance in my Power to ac-
 ' complish it, being always,

' Dear Kit,

' *Your most sincere Friend*

' *And Well-wisher,*

' Richard Smith.

I should think, says the Captain, your Friend
Smith will make a Figure at the Bar—I know he
 has Abilities, and it's pretty plain from this Let-
 ter that he is not troubled with any of those
squeamish Notions of Honour which have check-
 ed many a rising Genius in the Law. I'll answer
 for him, he'll stick close to the Precedents and
 Determinations of his Superiors the Judges,
 whenever they answer the Purposes of his Clients,
 tho' they flatly contradict the Law of the Land.
 I am glad, however, that you have no Occasion
 for this young Barrister's Advice. This unex-
 pected Acquisition of Fortune will, I am persuad-

ed, make no Alterations in the Sentiments of *Sophia*.

I believe not, says Mr. *Crab*, nay, I fear it will confirm Mrs. *Garland* and *Sophia* in a Resolution they have already taken, and would have put in Execution before this Time, if their Fortunes would have enabled them to do it with Decency, which was to quit this Country and go abroad : that Impediment being now remov'd, have not I Reason to be alarmed ?

You have, indeed, says Mr. *Heartwell*, but all this appears very mysterious to me—Mrs. *Garland* may have her Reasons for wishing to change her Residence ; and Miss *Garland's* Duty to her Mother, if she was not engaged——

Pardon me, Sir, says Mr. *Crab*, (interrupting him) there is no Engagement, if you mean to me, none, upon my Honour ; and I think the Treatment Mrs. *Garland* and *Sophia* have met with from my Relations, will justify their breaking off all Connections with me and my Family.

I am sure *Kit*, says Mrs. *Crab*, I never was wanting in Civility to either of them. As I am a Gentlewoman, I declare it would give me the greatest Pleasure imaginable to see Mr *Heartwell* join your Hands together.

I really believe you, Madam, says Mr. *Crab* ; but I am well satisfied, if *Sophia's* Uncle had not left her his dirty Acres, you would not have been very ready to acknowledge her for a Daughter in Law. Your Motives are all mercenary—you
have

have the Gentlewoman often in your Mouth—I wish you would think and act like one.

A pretty Speech truly, says Mrs. *Crab*, from a Son to a Mother; but I am not surprized at it: His Father set him a fine Example, and he grows as like him as ever he can stare.

I don't know, Madam, says Mr. *Crab*, how like I may be to my Father, but I hope I shall not inherit any *Fits of the Mother*.

Mr. *Crab's* last Answer drove Mrs. *Crab* out of the Room, and the Company broke up.

C H A P. VII.

A short Chapter containing more Matter than some that are longer.

THE next Morning Mr. *Crab* inclosed Mr. *Smith's* Letter in the following to *Sophia*.

‘ Dearest *Sophia*,

‘ If the Conversation that passed between Mrs. *Garland* and me last Night gave me infinite
 ‘ Uneasiness, think what I must feel upon the Perusal of the inclosed from your Cousin *Dick Smith*. I own the Force of your Mother’s Argument—The sarcastic Behaviour of my Relations and their Adherents was sufficient to rouse
 ‘ your Resentment—The artful Insinuations they
 ‘ throw out, having Appearances in their Favour,
 ‘ hurt the more on Account of the Difficulty to
 ‘ refute them. And yet I hoped, vainly hoped,

‘ that *Sophia* had Resolution enough to withstand
 ‘ them all—that, conscious of her own Upright-
 ‘ ness and Integrity, she would, for my Sake, de-
 ‘ spise the Malevolence of her Enemies, and trust
 ‘ to Time to do Justice to her Character; but
 ‘ your Uncle’s Estate will anticipate *Time*, and
 ‘ put it out of the Power of *Envy* to hurt you—
 ‘ Those who before spurned your superior Merit,
 ‘ will now flatter your superior Fortune—All the
 ‘ World (except myself) will think you vastly im-
 ‘ proved—To me you are not otherwise improved
 ‘ than as a favourite Bird, whose clipped Wings
 ‘ being grown again, is ready to fly away. This
 ‘ is not a Circumstance for me to rejoice at, un-
 ‘ less you will permit me to fly with you; in that
 ‘ Case, tho’ it were to be fixed in the most de-
 ‘ populated Desert with *Sophia*, I would prefer
 ‘ Solitude and Confinement to Society and Free-
 ‘ dom, without her.

‘ Perhaps I have been all this while indulging a
 ‘ fond Inclination for one, whose Gratitude and
 ‘ good Nature I have foolishly mistaken for a
 ‘ more tender Passion.

‘ Be this as it may, you cannot—nay, I’m sure
 ‘ you will not, keep me any longer in this tortur-
 ‘ ing Suspence—Pronounce my Doom instantly,
 ‘ and if I am not suffered to fly with you, I must
 ‘ and I will fly from the wretched

Christopher Crab.

Mr. *Crab* dispatched this Letter forthwith to
Sophia, who immediately returned the following
 Answer.

‘ Dear

‘ Dear Sir,

‘ The Letter I wrote you upon our leaving
 ‘ London, when I never expected to see you more,
 ‘ contained the real Sentiments of my Heart,
 ‘ which neither Time nor any Alteration of Cir-
 ‘ cumstances could ever change; though I must
 ‘ confess the Treatment I have met with from
 ‘ your Relations, and the Suspensions I have laid
 ‘ under of being influenc’d in your Favour by
 ‘ mere interest’d Views, hurt me so much, that
 ‘ I would have sacrificed the dearest Thing alive,
 ‘ rather than remain the Object of their Scorn
 ‘ and Derision. The Establishment I have gain’d
 ‘ by my Uncle’s Will fully intitles me to follow
 ‘ my own Inclinations—it cannot be denied, for
 ‘ (as your Favourite *Shakespear* expresses it)
 ‘ *There is not a Loop left to hang a Doubt upon—*
 ‘ The most implacable of my Enemies will not
 ‘ now be hardy enough to contradict it. But
 ‘ however unwilling *they* may be to be convinced
 ‘ of the Honesty of my Intentions, I hope more
 ‘ from *you*—I expect you will give me Credit for
 ‘ the Assertion, and that you will believe me
 ‘ when I assure you the greatest Pleasure I feel
 ‘ from this unmerited Acquisition of Fortune, is
 ‘ that it may make me more worthy of yourself,
 ‘ and less exceptionable to your Friends, being,
 ‘ both by Gratitude and Inclination,

‘ Dear Sir,

‘ Your most sincerely affectionate

‘ Sophia Garland.

‘ P. S. My Mother bids me say, she congratulates you on my Success.’

Mr. *Crab* read this Letter with Rapture, or rather devoured it with his Eyes; he then, after kissing it a thousand Times, hastened to Mrs. *Garland's*—threw himself upon his Knees before *Sophia*, and vow'd eternal Constancy and Love.

C H A P. VIII.

A Sketch of the Life of Sir George Smith, Knight and Alderman of London.

IT is a fortunate Event for *Sophia*, to be sure, says the Captain, and upon your Account, *Kit*, I'm glad of it, but I cannot help thinking your Friend *Dick Smith* a little hardly used.

I grant you, says Mr. *Crab*, it has the Appearance of Cruelty, until you know something of the Character of the Uncle, and the Conduct of the Nephew.

Sir George Smith was bred to Trade, for which he was excellently well fitted, both by Nature and Education. He commenced Merchant at School. He was a wholesale Dealer in Marbles, Tops and Toys of all Sorts—and he was supplied every Day with a fresh Assortment of Apples, Plumbs, Nuts, &c. which he disposed of to the Boys at the very lowest Prices. He made a quick Progress in Writing and Cyphering, because he delighted in them, as they furnished him with the Means

Means of knowing the Difference between buying and selling. As to any other Kind of Literature he troubled not his Head about it—He luckily foresaw that Greek and Latin were very inimical to Traffic—that they would hang about the Neck of a Mercantile Genius like two Mill-Stones, and always carry the Balance of Trade against him. Thus accomplished for any Business, *George* was put Apprentice to a Distiller, which, at that Time, was reckoned a very profitable tho' a very poisonable Occupation; but the Gin-act happening to take Place just as *George* was out of his Time, his Father gave a Sum of Money to have him joined in Partnership with a Haberdasher of small Wares upon *London Bridge*; where he acquitted himself so dextrously, that in a few Years he acquired a Fortune sufficient to be drunk to for Sheriff: And it was by serving that Office in the Year forty-five, when he carried up the Lives and Fortunes of the Citizens of *London* to the King, to oppose the unnatural Rebellion, that he was knighted. Soon after he had obtained this uninheritable Dignity, he paid his Court to a rich Widow, who had declared she would not marry again under a Title. His Addresses succeeded; and with this Lady, who was turned to fifty, he retired from Business to *Hackney*, a Place she was fond of, because her former Husband died there. Here Sir *George* thought to enjoy himself without Interruption. But he presently found his Mistake, and that it was necessary to Happiness to visit *London* every Day in the Week, except

Sundays,

Sundays, when he had always Company to dine with him.

In their Dining-Parlour hung a Picture of Sir *George* and his Lady, both at full Length in the same Piece. Sir *George* was drawn in his Alderman's Gown, with the Sheriff's Chain about his Neck. The Chain was held forth by the left Hand, whilst the right was employed in pointing to *London Bridge* in the back Group of the Picture, denoting that he derived all his Honours from thence. The Lady sat by him very composedly with a Card in her Hand; on which was written, in large and legible Characters,

‘ Lady Plump presents her Compliments to
 ‘ Lady Smith, and hopes for the Honour of her
 ‘ Ladyship's Company to a small Party, on Mon-
 ‘ day the fourteenth of July. An Answer is
 ‘ required.

You see by this ingenious Device, which answers both the Purposes of a Picture and a Hatchment with a Motto, the great Out-line of the Family is as effectually recorded as if it had been done by *Hume*, *Robertson*, or any other British Historian.

This Lady did not enjoy her Title long—she died in the fifth Year of her Ladyship—Her Death was occasioned by a Surfeit she got with eating White-Bait at *Black-Wall*.

Sir *George* lamented the Death of his Wife so grievously, that he would not see any Body for several

several Months, except a young Clergyman, who, taking the Advantage of his Affliction to insinuate himself into his Favour, very soon converted him to the new Religion called Methodism.

My Friend *Dick* used to visit his Uncle constantly when he came to *London*, in the *Oxford* Vacations. If you recollect the Conversation we had with him at *Brazen-Nose* College, you will not suppose that *Dick* was troubl'd with any Scruples of Conscience on the Score of Religion. Guess then, what must have been his Surprise upon entering his Uncle's House, to find him and all the Servants chanting religious Hymns and spiritual Songs, which they continued, without regarding him any more than if a Dog had run into the Room. So that *Dick* was obliged to wait till their Devotion was over, before he could ask his Uncle how he did; and when at last he got an Opportunity of enquiring after his Health, he was answered by a Quotation from the Scriptures, which had no Relation to corporeal or terrestrial Beings.

This Kind of canting Behaviour suited so ill with my Friend *Dick*'s free way of thinking, that he went but seldom to see the Knight, and when he did, they generally quarrell'd before they parted.

And now, continued Mr. *Crab*, I imagine you do not wonder that *Dick* does not inherit his Uncle's Estates.

Indeed,

Indeed, says the Captain, I think Sir George treated his Nephew as he deserved ; for he had no more right to be angry with his Uncle for his Enthusiastic Belief, than with any other Person for eating Cheese because he himself had an Antipathy to it.

C H A P. IX.

Is an Apology for Chapter the Eighth.

NO N E know so well where the Shoe pinches as he that wears it. There is a more extensive Meaning in this Adage than many are aware of.

In the first Place, it is intended to guard us against censuring others for not bearing their Misfortunes as they ought, by insinuating that without having their Feelings we cannot possibly judge whether their Complaints are reasonable or not.

Secondly, it implies that the Injury, Insult, Disappointment, or by whatever Name it is called, may be of such a Nature, or done in such a Manner, that the injured Person cannot, without risking his Reputation, make his real Sufferings known, and in that Case it is unjust to blame his Resentment.

But I think the Proverb full as applicable in a more enlarged Sense, and for which I now introduced it ; viz. if a Sovereign Prince or his prime Minister (which is all one) should be called upon
by

by the Public to repress some national Grievance, or an Author like myself to be asked by the Reader why he does not proceed in his History with more Alacrity, the Prince and I might fairly answer, that the People should be made easy, and the Reader's Curiosity satisfied with all possible Dispatch, but at present we beg to be excused, because *None know so well where the Shoe pinches as he that wears it.*

However, putting the Prince and the Proverb out of the Question, if any petulant Person should hereafter declare, that it was plain enough, from the two Letters in the last Chapter but one, that the Match between Mr. *Crab* and *Sophia* was concluded, and that the Ceremony should have been performed in the next Chapter, instead of giving the History of Sir *George Smith*, which was foreign to the Purpose. I say, I would tell any such Critic that he was mistaken; for to my certain Knowledge, the Marriage was so far from being settled and agreed upon at that Time, that it was a Doubt with me whether they would ever have come together: and as to the Introduction of Sir *George Smith*, I trust the Sequel of this History will shew that it is not foreign to the Purpose.

C H A P. X.

*Shews how changeable is the Breath of Fame—
A moral Reflection from Mr. Crab—The last
Illness and Death of Mrs. Crab described.*

SOPHIA once again became the Idol of the People. The Accession of Property, like the Accession to a Throne, brought along with it Hands, Hearts, and Voices. Persons of every Rank and Condition testified their Joy upon the Occasion, and vied with each other in manifest Acts of Kindness and Courtesy to the new Possessor. They now grew Impatient to see the Marriage solemniz'd—some out of Curiosity—others to enjoy the usual Festivity of a Welch Wedding—But more with an Eye to future Emolument, from the Junction of two such ample Fortunes, the Income of which they expected would be spent within their own District. But, whatever might be the Intentions of Mr. Crab and *Sophia*, the People's Hopes, for the present at least, were frustrated by a very serious and unexpected Event.

Mrs. Crab had been for some Time ailing, tho' not so ill as to be confined to her House; but it so happened that a few Days after the Receipt of Mr. *Smith's* Letter she was seized with a Fit, which was thought to be epileptic. This News was no sooner announced, than some of the Neigh-

Neighbours, who knew that Mrs. *Crab* had all along opposed the Connection between Mr. *Crab* and *Sophia*, took it into their Heads that she was acting a Part, and that she shammed Fits in order to delay the Match 'till she could invent some effectual Means of breaking it off intirely.

It is a great Reproach, says Mr. *Crab*, to human Nature, that whatever is reported to the Disadvantage of an Individual, shall meet with more Credit and be better receiv'd than any Circumstance advanced in his Favour. Strange—shocking—That we cannot bear an Increase of Prosperity in another tho' our Stock is not diminished by it! Yes, but we are comparatively lowered by his Superiority—The Exaltation of his Character and Consequence lessens our own—Had he been pushed down from the Step of Equality, we had been above him—Ay, that would have been comfortable.

These are the Suggestions of rational Creatures—O rare Reason! The Brute Creation ought to make us ashamed of ourselves—The generous Steed envies not the Promotion of his Companion to a richer Pasture—He wishes indeed to be with him; and whilst he presses his Breast against the Fence that divides them, neighs out his Lamentations, and views the flowery Herbage with rapturous Delight.

It was not wonderful that Mr. *Crab* should now and then make Reflections of this Sort upon Mankind, when we consider that his Mother was the
Object

Object on which the Multitude were venting all their Spleen and Malice. The Opinion of her Illness being affected was so general, that there was not a Person in the Parish, except Lady *Bangham*, Mrs. *Garland*, and *Sophia*, who did not believe it; and the Repetition of the Fits served only to confirm the Notion that she was a great Artist in her Way. However, she grew apparently weaker after every Paroxysm; and her Faculties, particularly her Memory, was visibly impaired by the Violence of the Disease. Mrs. *Garland* and *Sophia* gave her constant Attendance—they never left her—either one or the other was always with her Day and Night; and when her Intellects began to fail her so much, that at Times she did not know any Body, she would, at those insane Intervals, look up at *Sophia* as a Cœlestial Being that came to conduct her to the other World, and with the most piteous Countenance and moving Accents, beg her to postpone her Departure till she had asked Forgiveness of *Sophia*, whom she had greatly injured. Upon one of these Occasions, *Sophia* summoned Resolution enough to convince her that she was nothing more than *Sophia*, and throwing herself upon her Knees, asked her Blessing. This, for a few Minutes, brought her to her Senses, and when she had raised herself upon her Elbow, looking very kindly upon her, she said, don't deceive me, but if you really are *Sophia*, call my Son to me.

As soon as Mr. *Crab* approached the Bed-side, she took his Hand, and joining it to *Sophia's*, said,
live

live together and be happy, and remember always it was the sincere Wish of your dying Mother.

Having pronounced these Words, she fell back upon her Pillow, and closed her Eyes for ever.

Mr. *Crab* and *Sophia* stood like two Statues Weeping over the deceased, and exhibiting a Spectacle too melancholy to be beheld with Indifference by the greatest Stranger. When the Captain and Mrs. *Garland* endeavoured gently to lead them towards the Chamber-Door, Mr. *Crab* started wildly, and said, No! *Whom Heaven hath joined, let no Man put asunder.* The Captain was too well acquainted with the Operations of the human Heart, to attempt subduing any of the violent Passions with Reason: He therefore waited till the first Burst of Grief was over, before he presumed to utter a single Word.

BOOK THE THIRD.

C H A P. I.

An Account of a Robbery—The Highwayman taken, but saved at the Request of Sophia—Is taken again for another Fact—Is tried and executed.

THE Concern which a wise and thinking Man feels when any real Misfortune befalls him, cannot be soon got the better of—it is impressed too strongly upon the Mind, to be easily effaced—Reflection, like a Mirror, brings the Object perpetually before him, and the *Mind's Eye* sees nothing but Sorrow. I do not agree with the Author who says that, *Women's Tears like Dicers Oaths are not to be credited*, yet I believe that sudden Tears serve to wash away the Remembrance of Grief.

As Mr. Crab's Disposition inclined naturally to the serious, it requir'd at this Time all the Address and Management of those about him, to prevent his falling into an Excess of Melancholy, and it was upon this Occasion he experienced the Benefit of a true Friend in Mr. Heartwell, whose
exemplary

exemplary Life and manly Conversation, suiting perfectly with the Precepts of his Function, added double Force to the spiritual Consolation he administered.

But notwithstanding the joint Efforts of his intimate Acquaintance, it was many Months before Mr. *Crab* recovered that Affability for which he was so remarkable.

In the mean Time an Affair happened, which must be related here in its Place according to the Order of History.

Mr. *Brooklime*, having some Business that called him to *West-Chester*, in his Return from thence was stop'd and robbed by a Highwayman of his Watch and Money. But observing, as the Fellow rode off, that his Horse was lame, and being himself well mounted, he resolved to follow and keep him in View, in Hopes of meeting with some Person who might assist in the taking of him. He at last pursued him to a Village, where he saw him alight at an Alehouse. He then came up with him, and charging him with the Fact, he was carried by a Constable before the next Magistrate, who committed him to the County-Goal, which is *Chester-Castle*.

Mr. *Brooklime* was so proud of his Exploit, that he regretted not the Loss of his Money and Watch, both of which the Man had conveyed away before they arrived at the Justice's House. He looked upon it as an Action wherein he had shewed some Courage and more Conduct. It was something to talk of for Life: And he had
the

the Satisfaction to find that those who had not been told the Story, affected a slight Illness, that they might have an Opportunity of hearing it, with all it's Circumstances, from his own Mouth.

The next Thing was to find out by the Description who this Highwayman might be: And after many wise Conjectures, it was at last fixed upon the Son of a neighbouring Gentleman, who had been influenced by a second Wife to treat the young Man so ill, that it drove him to these desperate Courses. But the following Letter directed to Miss SOPHIA GARLAND, and received by the Post, sufficiently evinced the Folly of all their random Guesses.

‘ Madam,

‘ When you look at the Signature of this Letter, and the dismal Place from whence it is dated, you will be surprized and perhaps shocked to think that a Stranger, and one so wretched as myself, should presume to claim the least Knowledge of you. You have doubtless heard that Mr. *Brooklime* was robbed in his Return from *Cbeſter*, and that I am the Person who committed the Robbery. I not only confess it, but am ready to own that the last ten Years of my Life has been spent in the most profligate and abandoned Manner. I say abandoned (tho’ this is the first felonious Act I have been guilty of) because I heinously transgressed against Heaven by robbing People of their Happiness under the Mask of Religion. I counterfeited the sacred

‘ Character

‘ Character of a Clergyman, to carry on my De-
 ‘ signs against your Uncle Sir *George Smith*, in
 ‘ which I succeeded so well, that I was esteemed
 ‘ by him and many of his Friends as an Angel
 ‘ come from Heaven to save him from eternal De-
 ‘ struction. I converted them to the new Faith :
 ‘ and you know, Madam, this was the Cause of
 ‘ Quarrel between your Uncle and his Nephew
 ‘ Mr. *Richard Smith*, by which you was greatly
 ‘ benefited. It would be adding Hypocrisy to In-
 ‘ justice, should I make a Merit of having pur-
 ‘ posely served you in that Particular, when it was
 ‘ impossible for me to foresee what would be the
 ‘ Consequence of their Misunderstanding. All I
 ‘ mean, Madam, is to excite your Compassion for
 ‘ a poor miserable Mortal, who wishes only for
 ‘ Life, that he may have an Opportunity of mak-
 ‘ ing some Atonement to God and Man for his
 ‘ past Offences. At your Request, Mr. *Brook-*
 ‘ *lime* would forbear to appear against me at the
 ‘ Assizes. Consider, Madam, that Life or Death
 ‘ are in your Power. If you are disposed to be
 ‘ merciful, you will enjoy the comfortable Re-
 ‘ flection of having saved one Sinner, who truly
 ‘ repents.

‘ *I am Madam,*

Chester Castle.

‘ *Your most devoted*

‘ *Humble Servant,*

‘ *Jonathan Shuffle.*’

Sophia's Humanity was touch'd; and Mr.
Brooklime, requiring but little Persuasion to leave
 undone

undone what he had no Inclination to do, very readily consented to forfeit his Recognizance.

But notwithstanding this penitential Letter, Master *Jobnatban Shuffle* was, about six Months after his Discharge, taken for a Fact of the like Kind, and try'd at the Town of *Flint*: and, what is pretty remarkable, Mr. *Richard Smith*, who by extraordinary Interest had just been appointed a Welch Judge, was the Person who try'd him. When the Prisoner was found guilty, and asked whether he had any Thing to say why Sentence of Death should not be pass'd upon him, he made himself known to the Judge in a pathetic Speech, and concluded with praying to be recommended to Mercy. To which the Judge made him this short Answer. As you are the Person to whom I am primarily obliged for the Place I hold upon this Bench, you shall now find that I will do you strict Justice.

He then proceeded to the Sentence, and *Jobnatban Shuffle* was executed accordingly.

C H A P. II.

The Captain appears in a new Character—The true Meaning of a common Proverb discussed, and a Caution to the Learned against being too dogmatical.

THE Captain had been, in his youthful Days, very active, and much addicted to the violent Kind of Exercises. He was a good Cricket Player

Player—excell'd at the Game of Fives, and at Tennis few were able to hold a Racket against him. But after he had the Misfortune to become a Cripple, he was obliged to content himself with the more sedentary Amusements, such as Piquet, Drafts, Chess, and even the royal Game of the Goose. However, his principal Recreation, at the proper Times of the Year, was Fishing. He had studied it as a Science. There was not a Man in that or the next County to it who understood Angling in all its Branches better than himself. He made artificial Flies so like the real ones, that many Thousands, deluded by the counterfeit Appearance, swallowed the Deceit, and were dreadfully *taken in by it*. Fishing was a Diversion that suited mighty well with Mr. Crab's pensive Disposition. He had been the Captain's Pupil ever since he left *Oxford*, and had by this Time acquired a good deal of Skill in the Management of the Rod and Line. Mr. *Heartwell*, tho' he did not much admire this Sort of indolent Sport, often attended them for the Sake of their Company upon these Occasions; and the Ladies too, Mrs. *Garland* and *Sophia*, were frequently of the Party, when they went no further than the Trout-Stream at the Bottom of the Garden. One fine Afternoon they were all got together upon the Banks of the River, and Mr. *Crab*, giving his Rod to *Sophia*, took out the News-paper, wherein he discovered that *Jonathan Shuffle* was hanged at last. I'm sorry for it, says *Sophia*, I hope he had no Family. I hope

so too, says Mr. *Crab*, but I think he deserves to suffer for contradicting the Proverb which says, *A burnt Child dreads the Fire*. I wish, says the Captain, the Fellow had had more Grace, but I don't like your Proverb much ; I have always thought it a Reflection upon the Military. For Example, I had my Leg shot off by the Fire of the Enemy. What then ! does it follow that I must ever after dread the Sound of a Drum, or the Sight of a Firelick ? No. If His Majesty had pleased (laying his right Hand upon his Breast, and touching the Corner of his Hat with his Left) to continue me in the Service, he should have found me no Flincher. No Body doubts it, Captain, says Mr. *Heartwell*, but I believe the Proverb was never meant to tax the wounded Officer with an unwillingness to return to the Charge. I should think it was only intended to signify, that those who had committed an Action which proved injurious either to their Health, Character, or Interest, would be cautious of doing it again. Fighting is a Soldier's Profession ; and if it be his Fate to lose his Life in the Service of his Country, he dies gloriously : But the Wretch who has once narrowly escaped Hanging, must dread the Thoughts of a Gallows as long as he lives.

Captain, says Mr. *Brooklime*, you have a Bite. A Bite indeed, says the Captain, (drawing up his Line) I find I have been robb'd ; but if I should catch the Thief, he should not have it in his
Power

Power to commit a second Robbery—There shall be no keeping back of Evidence. Yes, surely, Captain, says *Mr. Brooklime*, if you had as fair a Pretence for doing it as I had. Thank you *Mr. Brooklime*, says *Sophia*, I have not had so civil a Thing said to me a great while; if you could make your Medicines as palatable, you would have all the Country for Patients.

Kit, says the Captain, what have you met with in the News-paper that makes you so thoughtful?

It is this Paragragh from *Milford-Haven*, says *Mr. Crab*, (reading) ‘ On *Thursday* last a Ship ‘ bound from *Smyrna* to *Bristol*, was wrecked ‘ upon our Coast; the Crew and Passengers are ‘ saved, but the Cargo is intirely lost.’ For my Part, continued *Mr. Crab*, I cannot hear of such a Disaster without thinking of the poor unhappy Sufferers, and forming in my own Mind (tho’ absurdly enough) a short History of their Lives and Adventures. Perhaps one or more of these unfortunate Passengers has been prosecuting his Interest in a foreign Country for twenty Years together, during which Time he hath experienced the various Vicissitudes of human Affairs; sometimes having acquired Riches and Reputation; at others, losing every Thing, when he least expected it. At length Fortune proves propitious— He makes up his Budget and sets Sail for *England*. All the time of his Voyage Home, he blesses his good Stars that enabled him to return

to his Wife and Children, after so long an Absence with a Competency sufficient to furnish all the Conveniencies of Life, when behold, just as he arrives within Sight of Land, when his Expectation rises, and his Joy encreases, in proportion as the Ship advances towards the spot of Earth that contains all that's dear to him; an inhuman Storm, envying his approaching Happiness, robs him of his hard earned Treasure, but Cruelly spares his Life and Senses to torture him with severe Reflections.

You preach this well, says the Captain, but it's going to rain, and if I don't set off directly, I shall be wet to the skin before I can hobble up to the House; so your Servant.

A heavy Shower came on, as the Captain had predicted, and the Company scampered in as fast as they could.

When the Captain arrived (who got in last, though he set out first) he employed himself in opening a large Jack they had caught, to see what the voracious Animal had lately swallowed, and he found in his Stomach three small Fish and a Piece of round bak'd Clay, about the Size of a Shilling, on one Side of which was stamped the Figure of a Pyramid with a Crown at the top of it, and underneath these three Letters, M. R. Æ. the Reverse was covered with Hieroglyphic Characters, and at the Bottom was the Figure VI.

This Curiosity was handed about and examin'd by every one, but more particularly by Mr. *Heartwell*, who had a good deal of Knowledge as a Medalist; but he could make out nothing from
the

the Device or Inscription that corresponded with the History of the Greeks or Romans.

I think says Mr. *Crab*, it is pretty plain that it has been a current Coin. And I make no doubt if the Adventure it has gone thro' were as well written as those of it's * Cousin German, it would be as universally read and admired.

Mr. *Heartwell*, had a Conjecture concerning this Coin, which he did not care to risque his Reputation upon, until he could procure the Opinion of the Antiquarian Society; but unfortunately for him, whilst he was thinking of a proper Person in London to convey it to, the modern Clay, conscious of it's own Insignificancy, and ashamed of appearing before so learned a Body, mouldered to Pieces between his Finger and Thumb. Ah! says Mr. *Heartwell* (looking down on the Fragments, as *Alcibiades* did upon the Ruins of *Belisarius*) what Pity! I'm now convinced of it's Antiquity, and that it had been long buried in the Earth, by it's sudden Dissolution upon being exposed to the Air.

Probably if Mr. *Heartwell* had been less Scientific, he would have ascribed the sudden Dissolution of this veritable Antique to the Moisture it met with in the Jack's Stomach.

However, his Character as an Antiquary could not have suffered, if Time had never brought the important Secret to Light.

L 3

C H A P.

* THE ADVENTURES of a GUINEA.

C H A P. III.

Description of a Welch Feast—A Specimen of Mr. Crab's Behaviour in the Capacity of a Justice, and the Demolition of a Puppet-show by a Bear.

THE first of *March*, being the Day that gave Birth to *David* the tutelar Saint of the ancient Britons, the same is annually commemorated at this Town with great Ceremony at Noon and much Drunkenness at Night.

But if the Reader be unacquainted with what we Welchmen (for I am of the noble Race of *Cbenkin*) call Mirth and Jollity, it's proper he should be told.

We meet at each other's Houses or elsewhere, with open Hearts and chearful Countenances, in the most hospitable Manner imaginable. Every Man boils over with loving Kindness and Affection, insomuch that one would think nothing could happen to disturb our good Fellowship ; but as soon as the Liquor begins to operate, we grow instantly jealous of our next Neighbour—The Discourse generally turns upon the Antiquity of our Families ; and as every true Cambrian is as proud of his Pedigree as a German Baron with his hundred and forty-four Quarterings, the whole Company is presently up in Arms, and the Dispute ends, like a Debate in the Polish Diet, in broken Heads and bloody Noses.

Sir

Sir *John Bangham* had been celebrating this Day in the Way I have described. Being an excellent Demonstrator in the *Argumentum Bacculinum*, he had made shift to lay two of his Antagonists sprawling, and knocking out one of the double Teeth of a third, before he quitted the Field of Battle. In his Return Home, flushed with the Success of his Victory, like a Roman General entering the Capitol, just by his Park-Wall he spied a Man lugging along the Limb of a young Tree under his Arm. The Baronet immediately stop'd him, and demanded of him how he came by it, without waiting for his Answer, ordered the Fellow to attend him before a Magistrate, which he readily obeyed, rather than dispute the absolute Authority of Sir *John's* oaken Towell.

It might appear a little extraordinary that a Man of Sir *John's* Estate in the Country was not in the Commission of the Peace, if it had not been hinted before that he was not properly qualified for one of the Quorum. But tho' the King could not in Conscience make Sir *John* a Justice, because he could not write his own Name Legibly, which is the *sine qua non* of Justiciary Business, yet he made himself a Constable upon all Occasions, for he never wanted the Assistance of a Peace officer to take a Delinquent into Custody.

For these Reasons Sir *John* carried his Prisoner before his Nephew Mr. *Crab*, and they arrived

at the *Rock* just at the Period when Mr. *Heartwell* was bewailing the Dissolution of the antique Coin. When Sir *John* enter'd the House, he bawled out to the Servants. Where's your Master? so loud that he made the Mansion ring; and as he was ushered into the Room where the Company were sitting, he cried, *Kit*, why were you not at the Meeting? We had a damn'd good Day—I crack'd some of their Crowns for them. However, I have brought you a Customer, which is more than you deserve—If it was not for me, you would not make out three Warrants in the Year—I am as good a Spaniel to you—I spring all the Game, and you have all the Sport. Upon my Word, Sir *John*, says Mr. *Crab*, it is no Entertainment to me, and I am surprized you should bring any Body before me for a Misdemeanor, when you yourself, by your own Confession, have just been committing a violent Breach of the Peace. But pray who may this Person be? O, says Sir *John*, a sad Dog—a hang'd-look Fellow, and I dare say the same that robb'd my Fish-ponds last Week.

The Man was brought in, and tho' it was almost dark, the Captain discovered that it was no other than his old Friend *James Maccloud*. *James*, says he, I am sorry to see thee in this Situation. Sir, says *James*, if your Honour will but give me Leave——Hold, Friend, says Mr. *Crab*, you are not yet upon your Defence. Pray, Sir
John,

John, what do you charge this Man with ! says Sir *John*, why I charge him with cutting down one of my Plantation Firs and carrying it off, and that's enough to hang him, I hope. Did you see him, says Mr. *Crab*, cut it down ? or have you any Witness to prove that he did actually cut it down ? Prove ! says Sir *John*, why, zounds, did not I catch him carrying it off ? What better Proof can you desire ? Sir, says Mr. *Crab*, it will alter the Nature of the Crime very much, if it should appear that he found it upon the Ground—that is deemed in the Law only privately stealing. But the cutting down a Tree in a Plantation is Felony by the Statute. Now, Friend, (looking at *James Maccloud*) what have you to say for yourself ? Please your Worship, says *James*, I found it upon the Ground, blown down by the high Wind the Night before last.

Mr. *Crab* then ordered the Branch of the Tree to be produced ; and after it had been carefully examined by all present, and no Marks of an edged Tool appearing, which might have separated it from the Trunk of the Tree, he declared that it had not been cut down. However, he put on a serious Countenance, and asked *James* how he dared to take away another Person's Property, Sir, says *James*, if your Worship will but be pleased to hear me, I'll tell you the whole Truth of the Matter. I have had a great Misfortune in my Family. Your Worship knows that we had

a Fair here last Week. And there was a Bear-baiting. But the Bear broke loose and run all over the Town; at last he drove in at my back Door, and before his Keeper could get him out again, he tore off one of Fair *Rosamond's* Arms, and he squeez'd the King of *Spain* and the Infanta of *Portugal* so hard together, that both their Backs are broke.

Here's a lying Son of a Whore for you, says Sir *John*, a likely Story indeed, that Kings and Queens should lodge at his House!

Sir *John*, says the Captain, I can assure you, strange as it appears to you, what the Man has said in that Respect is very true.

But pray, Friend, says Mr. *Crab*, what has this Bear and your Puppets to do with your carrying off the Tree? If you have nothing better to say for yourself, I shall commit you for Prevarication.

Sir, says *James*, as I have a Soul to be saved, I did not mean any Prevarication at all. Your Worship should consider that we poor Folks have not had the best Education, and it can't be expected that we can turn the Corners of a Story so quick as your Gentlesfolks.

Well, well, says Mr. *Crab*, go on.

So, Sir, says *James*, as I was walking thro' Sir *John's* Park this Afternoon, and thinking of my poor Family, I happened to cast my Eye upon this same Branch of a Tree; and it came into my Head all at once, tho' I wish now I had
never

never seen it, for I don't think it will answer the Purpose.

Sirrah, says Mr. *Crab*, a little angrily, if you don't come to the Point, I'll wait no longer.

Please your Worship, says *James*, I have just done. The Thought that came into my Head was, that this Stick of Wood might serve to make Fair *Rosamond* a new Arm, and set the King of *Spain* and the Infanta's Backs right.

Here the Company burst into a Laughter, and the Baronet beginning to smoke the Joke, *Sophia* took the Opportunity to beg his Forgiveness of *James*; which he did, but insisted on his never coming within his Purview, because he did not like his Countenance.

C H A P. IV.

*Power uncontrouled is the Parent of Tyranny—
That Doctrine illustrated by an interesting
Example.*

WHEN the Baronet and his Prisoner were departed, Mrs. *Garland* expressed her Concern, lest Sir *John* should use the poor Man ill in his Way Home; for, says she, I think he seemed displeased that the Man was not sent to Jail, tho' he forgave him at the Request of the Company.

I thank you, Madam, for your Humanity, says the Captain, but you may set your Heart at Rest: *An old Soldier is never off his Guard.* I gave *James* a Hint to get out of his Reach before he went away.

If Mankind, says Mr. *Crab*, were reduced to a State of simple Nature, without Arms for their Defence, or Laws for their Protection, half a Score such Men as Sir *John* would keep a whole County in Awe. As it is, with all the wise Contrivances that human Prudence is capable of, to preserve an Equality between Individuals, we daily see Power (limited to bodily Strength) scandalously exerted to the Prejudice of the humble and meek. If any one doubts the Truth of this Observation, let them only walk *London* Streets, and they will meet with innumerable
Examples

Examples of the Brutality of those over-grown Monsters in human Shape, who insult and abuse every one they pass, without the least Provocation.

I was once a Witness to an uncommon Instance of this Kind, the Remembrance of which always gives me both Pleasure and Uneasiness. As one of these brutal People was going along the *Strand*, elbowing and jostling every Man he came near, I took Notice of a feeble old Man just before him, who, though his black Coat, like his Head, was grown grey with Age, had still the Air and Deportment of a Gentleman. When this Russian came opposite to him, he looked him full in the Face, and at the same Time, with a Turn of his Arm, threw the old Man all along on the Ground. Ah ! Friend, says the old Man (looking up at him) you had less Trouble in pushing me down than I had in raising you. The Fellow only answered him with a Curse, and marched on ; but I had the Curiosity to know what might be the meaning of this enigmatical Expression : So, giving the old man my Hand to help him up, and leading him into the next Shop, I ask'd him if he knew the Man that treated him so inhumanly. Yes, Sir, says he, very well. Before I lost my Estate by a Suit in Chancery, this Fellow was my Servant ; and when my Circumstances would not allow me to keep him any longer, with much Solicitation, I got him into the Excise-Office.

And

And pray, Sir, said I, (compassionating his Appearance) will you tell me how I can be serviceable to you ?

Sir, says the old Gentleman (smiling) you are very good, and I am obliged to you, but, thank God, I have not a Wish or a Want to gratify. The same noble Lord who got my ungrateful Servant into the Excise, put me into the Charter-House ; where I enjoy every Pleasure an old Man can have any Relish for, and am happier, much happier, than when I possessed an Estate which I was always under Apprehensions of losing.

I was so struck with the candid Behaviour of the old Gentleman, that I could not leave him without promising to visit him in his Retreat, which I did more than once ; and I am not ashamed to confess that I learned more true Philosophy from those *real* Antiquaries than I had done before at *Christ-Church*, in *Oxford*.

I hope, says Mr. *Heartwell*, you don't mean that as a Sneer upon us modern Antiquaries ?

Indeed I do not, says Mr. *Crab*. Every Science has it's Use ; but the Knowledge of ourselves is preferable to all others, and I think those who have experienced the Storms and Sunshine of Life are best qualified to teach us it.

C H A P. V.

This Chapter consists of a very singular Letter containing something not much to the Advantage of Mr. Heartwell.

ABOUT a Week after Mr. Crab read an Account in the News-paper that a Ship from *Smyrna* was lost off the Coast of *Milford-Haven*, he received the following Letter.

‘ Sir,

‘ If it were deemed possible for the Dead to
 ‘ carry on a Correspondence with the Living, you
 ‘ might very reasonably suppose that this Epistle
 ‘ comes from the Shades below. I make no
 ‘ doubt my Name was many Years ago inserted
 ‘ in the Bills of Mortality. But, unhappily for
 ‘ me, I am still above Ground, though the dif-
 ‘ ferent Climates and various Scenes I have gone
 ‘ through must have changed my Appearance so
 ‘ much, that I do verily believe it would be diffi-
 ‘ cult to ascertain the Identity of my Person, if
 ‘ it were not for the maternal Claret-mark on my
 ‘ Cheek, which cannot well be mistaken. You,
 ‘ Sir, can have no Remembrance of me; and
 ‘ those remaining few of the Family that might
 ‘ recollect me, I fear do not entertain the best
 ‘ Opinion of me. The Crime I am charged
 ‘ with

' with is no less than that of running away with
 ' your Aunt; though I would declare at the
 ' great Tribunal that Miss *Williams* made the
 ' first Overtures. However, my Presumption at
 ' that Time was censured as an Outrage never to
 ' be forgiven. God knows I very soon repented
 ' of my Folly. And I should imagine you must
 ' have heard that I chose rather to fly my Country
 ' than to live under the Tyranny of the most am-
 ' bitious (pardon the Freedom) Woman that Na-
 ' ture ever formed. You must have been told
 ' likewise that I went to *Constantinople*, and was
 ' there employed as Chaplain to the Factory.
 ' This is all very true, but the rest of my His-
 ' tory has remained hitherto a Secret to the
 ' World.

' When I had exercised my Function in the
 ' Factory for the Space of two Years, I found,
 ' that though this Occupation might be the surest
 ' Road to Heaven, it was by no means the Path
 ' to Preferment. And as I earnestly wished to
 ' return to my native Country, I began to con-
 ' sider whether I could not get into some other
 ' Way of Life that might be more beneficial to
 ' my Interest. At length I turned my Mind to
 ' the Study of Trade; and as soon as I had ac-
 ' quired a competent Knowledge in the commer-
 ' cial Art, I communicated my Intentions to a
 ' *Portuguese* Merchant, with whom I had con-
 ' tracted a great Intimacy.

' This

' This Friend advised me to quit *Constanti-*
 ' *nople* privately, and embark for *Smyrna*, where
 ' he would recommend me to some Merchants
 ' who would be serviceable to me. But he thought
 ' it would be proper to change my Name, and
 ' to have it given out that I died suddenly, which
 ' he undertook to propagate upon the Spot, and
 ' to transmit the same Account to *England*.

' I will not trouble you with a Detail of the
 ' Difficulties I encountered before I was set-
 ' tled at *Smyrna*. Let it suffice that after thir-
 ' teen Years close Application to the mercantile
 ' Business, I made Shift to scrape together near
 ' ten thousand Pounds, with which I was de-
 ' termined to set Sail for *England*. But as the
 ' War between the Russians and Turks had very
 ' much hurt public Credit at *Smyrna*, I found it
 ' impossible to get Bills upon *England* for my Ef-
 ' fects; I was therefore obliged to bring Home
 ' my Fortune in Merchandize. For this Pur-
 ' pose I freighted a Ship for *Bristol*, and embark-
 ' ed with a prosperous Gale, which continued
 ' 'till we came into the British Channel, when a
 ' Storm arose that drove us upon the Coast of
 ' *Milford-Haven*, where our Vessel struck, and
 ' we had scarce Time to save our Lives in the
 ' Long-Boat before she went to Pieces.

' O! think, Sir, what must have been the
 ' Distraction of my Mind, when I saw the
 ' Fruits of my Labour and Perseverance, for
 ' fifteen Years in a foreign Country, swallowed
 ' up

‘ up by the pitylefs Ocean ! myfelf ftanding erect
 ‘ with Horror, like a Weather-beaten Land-
 ‘ Mark to all future Adventurers.

‘ To compleat my Misfortunes, I have been
 ‘ informed, fince I landed on this detefted
 ‘ Shore, (what perhaps may be no News to
 ‘ you) that my Wife, after having been at the
 ‘ Head of a Gang of Gypsies, and calling her-
 ‘ felf their Queen, is gone, in Imitation of *Cbri-
 ‘ ftina*, Queen of *Sweden*, into a Convent at St.
 ‘ *Omar*’s.

‘ I am fure, Sir, you muft think it hard, that
 ‘ one who has fuffered as I have done, for
 ‘ marrying imprudently, and is reduced to ex-
 ‘ treme Want from the fame Source, fhould
 ‘ receive no Emolument from his Wife’s For-
 ‘ tune.

‘ Thus, Sir, I have taken the Liberty to lay
 ‘ my Miferies before you—If you can find me
 ‘ any Employment in the Church, I am ftill
 ‘ able and willing to do my Duty as an Ecclefi-
 ‘ aftic ; and I hope I fhall always have Gratitude
 ‘ enough to pray in particular for (I will not pre-
 ‘ fume to call you Nephew) my Wife’s Sister’s
 ‘ Son, as long as I am.

‘ *Joſeph Barnes.*

‘ *Milford-Haven.*

‘ P. S. I have met with at this Place, fome
 ‘ Pieces of earthen Coin, ftamped on one Side
 ‘ with a Pyramid and Crown, and at the Bot-

‘ tom are the Letters M. R. Æ. The other Side
 ‘ is covered with Hieroglyphic Characters, and
 ‘ beneath is the Figure VI.

‘ These Pieces, it seems, were made by my
 ‘ Wife’s Directions, intending thereby to perpe-
 ‘ tuate her Name to Posterity, as *Mary* Queen
 ‘ of the *Egyptians*. The Figure VI. on the Re-
 ‘ verse, denoted the Value Six-pence; with
 ‘ which her People (whom she called her Sub-
 ‘ jects) bought Provisions, and she paid Cash for
 ‘ them when they were returned.’

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

*Sophia exhibits a Specimen of her Generosity,
and the Captain of his good Nature, both wor-
thy of Imitation.*

WHEN Mr. *Crab* had read the Postscript to Mr. *Barnes's* Letter, Mr. *Heartwell* seemed a little out of Countenance; but he got off tolerably well, by saying he was very glad the Clay Coin crumbled to Pieces, and that it it was not sent to the Antiquarian Society; for, says he, it would have given me great Concern if I had unwarily drawn that learned Body into a Dilemma, which might have subjected them to the Ridicule of the Ignorant, who are always pleased to circulate the Errors of Men, eminent for their Knowledge and Learning.

As you are not the first of your Fraternity, Friend *Heartwell*, says the Captain, that has been mistaken in Opinion about Things of this Kind, I think you need not take much Shame to yourself. For my own Part, I rejoice at the Discovery; and I hope Mr. *Barnes* has secured some of these Pieces, which I would advise *Kit* to preserve carefully, as an authentic Testimonial to strengthen the Tradition, that there had been a Queen in the *Crab*-Family.

You are not serious, Captain? says Mr. *Crab*.

I am

I am indeed, says the Captain. It is agreed by all Writers on Government, that those who have arrived at Monarchy by the general Consent of the People, have the best Title; and you know your Aunt was invited to the Crown by the free Choice of those whom she reigned over. She had besides a still stronger Claim to sovereign Authority, for she maintained her Subjects at her own Expence; whereas all other Princes and Potentates are supported by the Labour and Industry of the very People who are perhaps dissatisfied with the Conduct of their King.

Well, Captain, says Mr. *Crab*, granting this to be true, you must certainly be an Advocate for Mr. *Barnes*; for though he is not, like *John of Gaunt*, either the Father of a King, or the Son of a King, he is, by your Account, the Husband of a Queen; and it were a Shame to Royalty to let him starve at *Milford-Haven*.

He would not, says the Captain, be the first royal Consort that has rotted in a Jail. But, joking apart, I think it would be a Disgrace to your Family if you suffered it. He may be a good Fellow by this Time, tho' he was an impertinent Puppy when he was young; for nothing improves a Man's Manners like Age and Adversity.

I have something to propose, says *Sophia*, if you will give me Leave, Gentlemen? My Cousin *Smith* has wrote me word that a Living
in

in *Hertfordshire*, to which my Uncle had the next Presentation, is become vacant, and the Right is now in me. If you think it worth this Gentleman's Acceptance, he is exceedingly welcome to it; it is called two hundred Pounds a Year, and I wish it was more with all my Heart.

Toll-loll-dera-doll, says the Captain, (singing and shaking his wooden Leg) I will dance at your Wedding for this, my dear Girl, old as I am.

This is a fortunate Event for poor *Barnes*, says Mr. *Crab*, after all his Misfortunes.

It is indeed, says Mr. *Heartwell*, and, believe me, it gives me as much Pleasure as if Miss *Garland* had bestowed it on myself.

O! that I were a Pigeon, says the Captain, for a few Hours, that I might fly to *Milford-Haven* with the News. I dare say I should find the poor Devil walking backwards and forwards upon the Beach, as disconsolate as a private Centinel in a frosty Night.

I hope, *Kit*, you'll write to him directly, and make him happy with this good News. But pray don't forget the Family Medals.

Mr. *Crab*'s Humanity did not want spurring. He retired immediately, and wrote a very kind Letter to Mr. *Barnes*, inviting him to the *Rock*. And in the Postscript he desired him to take up what Money he wanted for his present Occasions, and draw upon him.

C H A P. VII.

A Conversation between Sir John, Lady Bangham, and Mr. Brooklime; in which it is settled that Humanity should not be numbered amongst the fine Feelings.

SIR *John Bangham* was at this Time laid up with a sprained Ankle, which he got in going Home after the Welch Feast, and was attended by Mr. *Brooklime*, who brought them the first Intelligence that Mrs. *Barnes* had withdrawn herself out of the Kingdom.

The News of Mrs. *Barnes's* Abdication was very agreeable to Lady *Bangham*; for she had looked upon her as a Disgrace to the Family ever since her Association with the Gypsies. But when she found this Account came from *Barnes* himself, who was thought to have been long since dead, it put the Blood of the *Williamfes* into a Ferment; and so eager was she to express her Resentment, that she pushed *Brooklime* backwards whilst he was upon one Knee rolling the Bandage about Sir *John's* Leg, and in his Fall he gave the Baronet's Ankle a Twist that made him bellow like a Bull. Zounds and Blood, Madam, says Sir *John*, what do you mean? I believe you did it on Purpose. I beg your Pardon, my dear, says Lady *Bangham*, I was so provoked to hear that Fellow
was

was alive, I did not know what I was about. I wonder at his Assurance to write to my Nephew *Crab*. I hope he will not shew him any Countenance. I suppose he is returned a Beggar as he went out. Surely he won't have the Impudence to come into our Part of the Country. If he does, I'll take Care he shan't darken my Doors.

No, says Sir *John*, without he could be made useful. Useful! says her Ladyship, what Use can a poor awkward Parson be of? I would not have him in the House on any Account, for fear he should hint to the Servants that he's related to the Family. Besides I'll warrant you he would be above wearing a Livery, or waiting at Table.

Very likely, says Sir *John*, but I have been thinking, if he can blow the French Horn, I would train him up to be my Huntsman, for *John's* almost worn out. You know he might be Whipper-in for the first Year or so, till he was fit for the Business, and then if he breaks his Neck he is provided for.

Provided for! says Lady *Bangham*, let the Parish of *Milford-Haven* provide for him: we have Poor enough of our own, have not we, Mr. *Brooklime*?

Certainly, Madam, says Mr. *Brooklime*, but I should think that the Family might easily get him some Employment in the Church.

Very

Very true, Mr. *Brooklime*, says Lady *Bangbam*, there is no Doubt but we could get him some Preferment; but you know one can not apply to any Body without acknowledging him as a Relation, and that is too shocking to think of. The Objection may not strike you, because you cannot have those delicate Feelings that People of Distinction are born with.

No, Madam, says Mr. *Brooklime*, I have not. My coarse Feelings comprehend nothing but a certain Degree of Concern for the Distresses or Joy for the Prosperity of my Fellow Creatures.

I thought so, says Lady *Bangbam*, and therefore you can be no Judge what People of Fashion suffer when such an unfortunate Accident happens to their Family. Now I should be willing to contribute something to send him abroad with all my Heart.

It is very kind and humane of your Ladyship, says Mr. *Brooklime*; shall I acquaint Mr. *Crab* with your Opinion?

By all means, says Lady *Bangbam*.

But hark you, *Brooklime*, says Sir *John*, don't forget to enquire whether *Barnes* can blow the French Horn.

C H A P. VIII.

*A short but marvellous Story from the Captain,
which introduces some Comment on the Clergy
and the Gentlemen of the Army.*

MR. *Brooklime*, not knowing of the Provision intended for Mr. *Barnes*, went with a heavy Heart to declare Lady *Bangbam's* Sentiments to Mr. *Crab*, which were received with the Contempt they deserved, though Mr. *Crab* was really hurt to find his Aunt so void of Humanity. But if Lady *Bangbam's* flinty Disposition threw Mr. *Crab* and the Company into to a grave Mood, the Ridiculousness of Sir *John's* Proposal made amends for it.

This preposterous Scheme of Sir *John's* for Mr. *Barnes*, says the Captain, puts me in Mind of poor *Ned Wilder*, who was at one Time Chaplain to the Scotch Greys. *Ned* was a good natured Fellow, but abominably wicked and profligate, insomuch that the Colonel of the Regiment was under the Necessity at last of obliging him to sell out. The Officers were always fond of his Company, because he had a great deal of odd Kind of Humour, and play'd remarkably well on the Tabor and Pipe. *Ned* too was so happy in living among them, that he could not bear the Thoughts of quitting them, though he did not belong to the Corps; and such was his Infatuation,

tion, that, when he had spent the Money he had got for his Chaplainship, he begg'd of the Colonel to make him one of the Kettle-Drummers to the Regiment, which was granted; and I actually saw him mount Guard and flourish away before the very People he had so often preached and prayed to. I do not mean by this to draw any Comparison between *Ned Wilder* and *Mr. Barnes*. On the contrary I have a great Notion that *Barnes* will turn out a prudent sensible Man.

I hope so, says *Mrs. Garland*, for the Dean used to say that Immorality in a Clergyman was as unpardonable as Cowardice in a Soldier. One flies from the Foes of his King and Country; the other justifies the Enemies of his God.

Why really, Madam, says *Mr. Crab*, when that is the Case, they may be said to have received *the Wages of Sin*, and both deserve Death. But I should be inclined to forgive a Soldier's first Offence of that Kind, because his constitutional Fears forced him to act as he did; and the only Crime we can charge him with, is the not knowing himself before he entered into the Profession of Arms. The Divine had not this Excuse to plead, because he must know before he takes holy Orders, whether he can conform strictly to the Tenets of that Religion he so solemnly binds himself to support.

Thank you *Kit*, says the Captain, for your Civility to the Military. But I fancy it is not an

easy Matter for a Man to find out how far his Courage will carry him. For I well remember the first Time I was in Action, I would have given the World to have been out of the Field, and I verily believe, if it had not been for a Bottle of Brandy, I should have shewn them a fair Pair of Heels; though I was as courageous as a Lion the Night before the Engagement.

Mr. *Crab* took Mr. *Brooklime* aside and informed him of *Sophia's* Generosity to Mr. *Barnes*, but charged him not to Mention it at Sir *John's* or any were else.

The Reader who has ever been sick, and attended by any of the Faculty, must acknowledge that Mr. *Crab's* Caution was necessary, without he chose to have it spread all over the Neighbourhood.

C H A P. IX.

Mr. Barnes arrives at the Rock—His Reception at Sir John Bangham's, and Mr. Crab's Marriage with Sophia.

UPON the Receipt of Mr. Crab's Letter, Mr. Barnes made all possible Dispatch for his intended Journey to the Rock. And as Joy gives Wings to Gratitude, he arrived several Days before they could have expected him. When he alighted at the House, he was told by one of the Servants, that Mr. Crab and the Family were gone to Dinner to Sir John Bangham's, who was still confined with his sprained Ankle. Mr. Barnes hesitated for a Moment, to consider whether he should follow them thither, or wait for their Return Home; but as he had not the least Doubt of being well received by Sir John and Lady Bangham, he determined upon going on directly. When he got there, he enquired of a Man in a green Plush Coat if Sir John was at Home. The Fellow look'd at him for some Time, and examined him from Head to Foot, and then said, Sir John is at Home, Friend, but I believe you might have saved yourself the Trouble of coming, for you are not fit for his Purpose.

This Man, who it seems was Sir John's Huntsman, had heard in the Family that Sir John had some Thoughts at making Mr. Barnes his Huntsman, and fearing to be supplanted, he rejoiced to

see Mr. *Barnes's* Figure so unpromising for that Occupation. His Size was an unsurmountable Objection, for he weighed more than fifteen Stone. The Fellow therefore very willingly ushered Mr. *Barnes* into the Dining-Parlour, where he found Sir *John* alone, the rest of the Company being gone to take a Walk in the Park. As soon as the Baronet cast his Eyes upon him, he shook his Head, and said, Master *Barnes*, I am afraid you'll never do for me—you are not the Man I want—I suppose you can blow the French Horn, or my Nephew *Crab* would not have sent you—but I have not a Horse in my Stable that could carry you thro' a long Chase. No, please your Honour, says the Huntsman, to be sure *Tancred* is a strong Beast, but he is not Master of his Weight. Hold your Tounge you old Block-head, says Sir *John*, and get out of the Room. Then turning towards Mr. *Barnes*, said he, I wonder my Nephew did not think of recommending you to some Nobleman in *London* as a Porter, you seem well qualified for that. Really, Sir, says Mr. *Barnes* (quite astonished) I do not understand you, I was invited here by a Letter from Mr. *Crab*, and I expected—I know, I know, says Sir *John*, you expected, because you run away with a Relation of my Wife's, that I was to provide for you; and indeed I did intend to take you into my Family; but I tell you it won't do; all the Country would laugh at me if I was to make you my Huntsman.

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Just at that Instant the Company returned from their Walk, and found Mr. *Barnes* standing before Sir *John* (for he had not asked him to sit down) like a Servant that comes to be hired. Mr. *Crab*, knowing Mr. *Barnes* by the Claret-Mark, accosted him very civilly, which Mr. *Barnes* returned, though he had no Remembrance of Mr. *Crab*, as he had not seen him since he was at School. But when the Captain got in, he presently made them known to each other, and introduced Mr. *Barnes* to the Ladies, particularly to *Sophia*, saying, Madam, this is the Man whom your Beneficence has restored to Happiness. And then to Mr. *Barnes*, Sir, this is the Lady who deserves your Prayers.

Mr. *Barnes* being too full for Utterance, would have expressed his Thanks by falling upon his Knees before *Sophia*, if he had not prevented him; but she could not stop the Stream of Gratitude that trickl'd down his Cheeks, which Mr. *Crab* said afterwards was more eloquent than any Thing he could have said upon so delicate an Occasion.

Lady *Bangham* not conceiving what this Ceremony meant, bit her Lips for Anger to find she was not let into the Secret.

Sir *John* did not attend to what they were about, but he beckoned Mr. *Crab* to him, and said, I don't know, *Kit*, what we can do for this Man. I had some Thoughts, before I saw him, of making him my Huntsman, but he is so confounded heavy he would break my Horses Backs. •

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I am surprized, Sir *John*, says Mr. *Crab*, to hear this from your own Mouth. I had been told it before, but I could scarcely credit it. What! take a Person into your Family as a menial Servant who is Husband to your Wife's Sister! I wonder that your Ladyship (to Lady *Bangbam*) would consent to so indecent an Impropriety.

Upon my Word, Mr. *Crab*, says Lady *Bangbam*, you are greatly misinformed, for I vow I should have been ashamed to Death to have had him in the Family.

Sir *John* knows my Scheme was to make a Contribution to send him abroad again.

I am much obliged to your Ladyship, says Mr. *Barnes* (bowing) but this Lady (pointing to *Sophia*) has alone contributed enough to maintain me like a Gentleman without quitting the Kingdom.

Sir *John* and Lady *Bangbam* stared at each other, while Mr. *Crab* gave Orders for his Coach; and they soon after left the Baronet and his Lady at full Leisure to guess in what Manner *Sophia* had provided for Mr. *Barnes*.

When they got back, Mr. *Crab* took Mr. *Barnes* by the Hand and welcomed him to the *Rock*. He then said (smiling) I would not have you over-rate *Sophia's* Generosity; she expects you should do something for the Living she gave you. And as I am to be benefited by the Service that is requested of you, it is but fitting that you receive some Acknowledgment from me likewise.

wife. I beg, Sir, you will do me the Favour to accept this (giving him a Bank-Note for a hundred Pounds) to buy you a new Gown and Cassock.

Here Mr. *Barnes* was again cover'd with Confusion, and *Sophia*, knowing what was to follow, withdrew to hide her Blushes.

You know, Madam, says Mr. *Crab* to Mrs. *Garland*, it was the Death of my Mother that prevented at that Time my Marriage with *Sophia*. She has now been dead six Months, during which if you have seen any Thing in my Conduct to make you repent having given your Consent, I beg you will declare it. If not, give me Leave to tell you that we have fixed on *Friday* next, being *Sophia's* Birth-Day, for the Celebration of our Nuptials.

Sir, says Mrs. *Garland*, I have never yet seen any Thing in your Conduct but what serves to convince me of the Excellence of my Daughter's Choice, and I assure you I shall think *Friday* next the happiest Day of my Life.

The Marriage was solemnized on the Day appointed, and the Service performed by Mr. *Barnes* before a crouded Congregation.

The whole Neighbourhood was invited to the Wedding; the Captain danced according to his Promise, and Mr. *Heartwell* furnished the following Sonnet.

S O N-

S O N N E T.

I.

Attend ye Nymphs of Cambrian Race,
 Whose native Charms all Arts disgrace.
 For once permit your Flocks to stray,
 For this is SOPHY's Wedding-Day.

II.

Attend, and each her Shepherd bring,
 With tuneful Pipe to Dance and Sing.
 The Bridegroom bids you haste away,
 For this is SOPHY's Wedding-Day.

III.

Come in your Holiday Attire,
 To grace the sacred nuptial Fire.
 Be jocund as the smiling May,
 For this is SOPHY's Wedding-Day.

IV.

No vernal Nosegay's wanted here ;
 SOPHY's a GARLAND all the Year.
 She blooms whilst fairest Flow'rs decay.
 For this is SOPHY's Wedding-Day.

V.

No *Phyllis* of her faithless Swain
 Must this Day murmur or complain.
 By Sympathy all Hearts are gay,
 For this is SOPHY's Wedding-Day.



VI.

Nor *Hodge* by *Phæbe* shall be blam'd,
 Because she smiles when *Chloe's* nam'd.
 Our Joy admits of no Allay,
 For this is SOPHY's Wedding-Day.

VII.

Let all your am'rous Quarrels cease,
 To crown our Festival with Peace;
 While Shepherds chant the Roundelay,
 To SOPHY on her Wedding-Day.

VIII.

Then each revolving Year we'll tell
 How well they liv'd, and lov'd how well,
 And honest *Barnes* shall ever pray
 For SOPHY on her Wedding-Day.

IX.

Should any of the rural Throng
 Presume to criticise our Song,
 We're deaf and blind to all they say,
 For this is SOPHY's Wedding-Day.

F I N I S.



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